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* This map is reproduced as the frontispiece to a descriptive folder of Central London, which can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept. (D.2.) Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, 24



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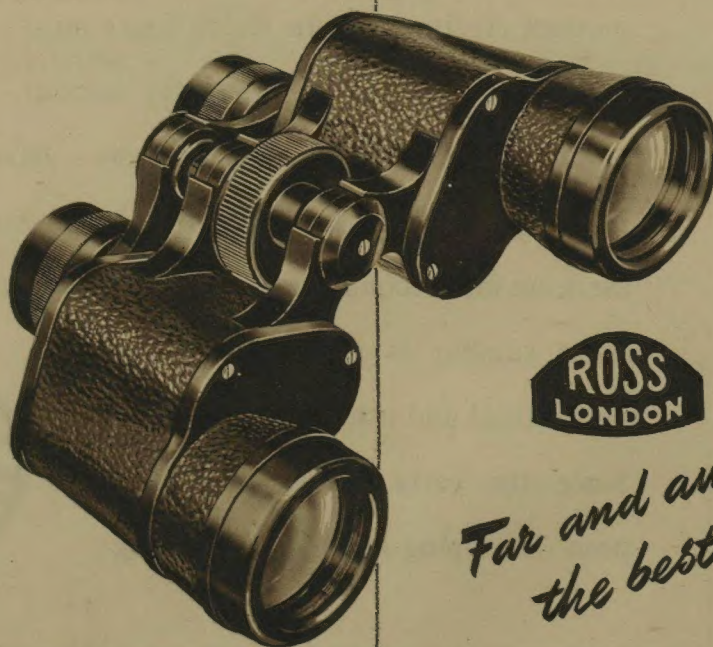
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1951.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKES THE SOVEREIGN'S SALUTE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS DEPUTISING FOR HIS MAJESTY AT THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE AND TROOPING THE COLOUR ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

Princess Elizabeth deputised for his Majesty (who has been ordered by his doctors to take a four-weeks' rest) and took the salute at the Birthday Parade of the Brigade of Guards with the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 7. She is Colonel of The Grenadier Guards, and the Colour trooped was the new King's Colour of the 3rd Battalion, which she presented

recently on behalf of the King, Colonel-in-Chief. She wore a scarlet tunic, with the blue Ribbon of the Garter, a dark-blue skirt and a black tricorné hat, with a white plume fixed to a grenade on the left side, a copy of the hat worn by a colonel of the Grenadiers, 1745. Other photographs are given on subsequent pages.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MOUNTED (LEFT), WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (ON A GREY) BEYOND.

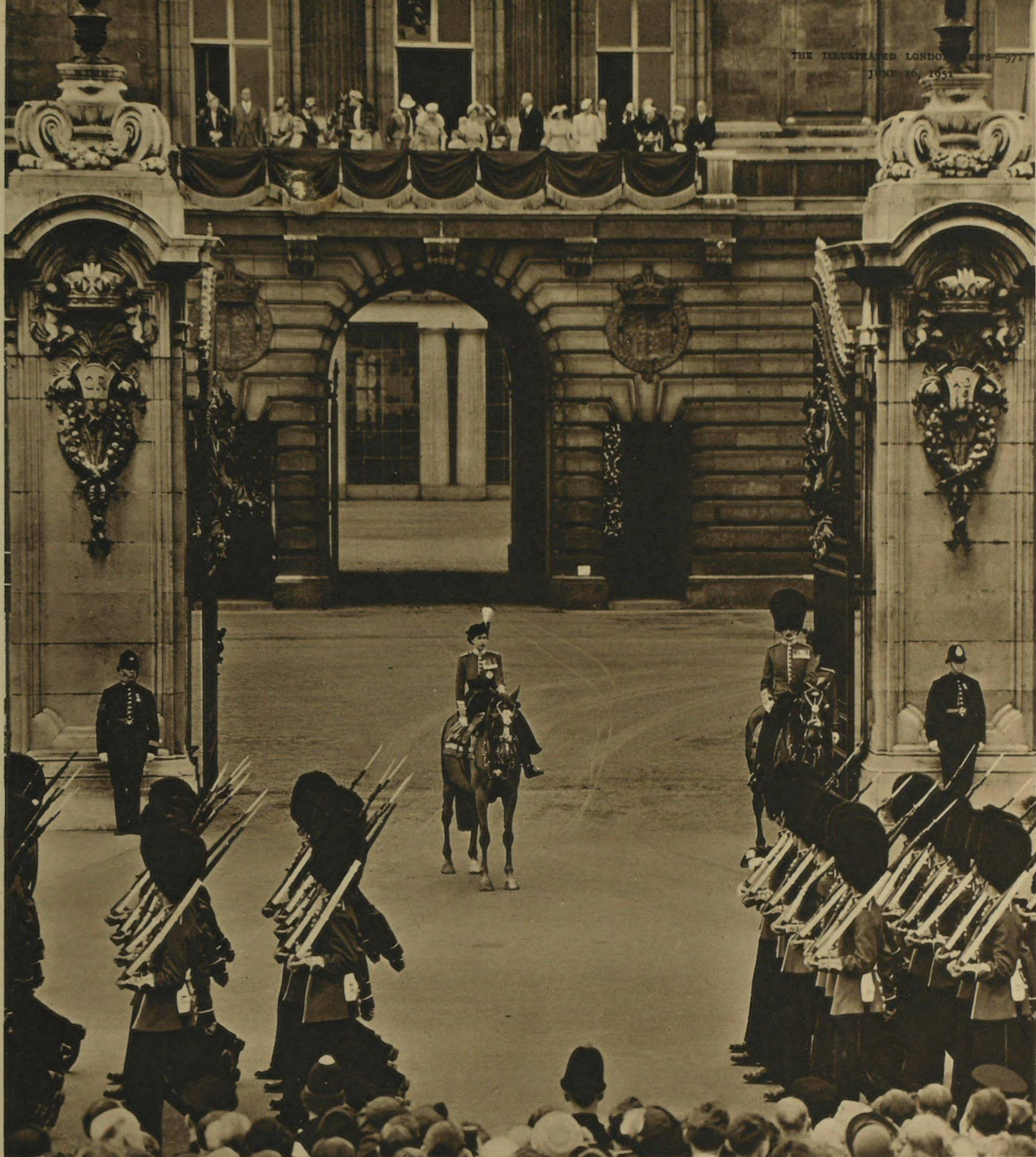


THE ROYAL PROCESSION FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO THE HORSE GUARDS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, MOUNTED ON A FINE CHESTNUT, AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, LEADING.

WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DEPUTY FOR HIS MAJESTY, AS CHIEF FIGURE: THE SPLENDID MILITARY CEREMONIAL OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE AND THE TROOPING THE COLOUR BY THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

The ceremonial of the King's Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour is purely military, but this year the chief figure in the splendid scene was that of a young and beautiful woman, Princess Elizabeth, who deputised for his Majesty. She was appointed Colonel of the Grenadiers in 1942 and is a very fine horsewoman.

The composure and dignity with which she bore herself throughout the procession, the inspection and at the saluting-base, roused universal admiration. The Parade was witnessed by the Queen and other members of the Royal family and the King of Norway, from a window in the Horse Guards.



AFTER HER RETURN FROM HORSE GUARDS PARADE AT THE HEAD OF THE KING'S GUARD, PRECEDED BY THE MASSED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS:
H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKING THE SALUTE IN THE FORECOURT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE BIRTHDAY PARADE.



ON THE PALACE BALCONY: LORD MOUNTBATTEN, LADY MARY WHITLEY, LADY MOUNTBATTEN, PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, LADY CARISBROOKE, LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER RAMSAY, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, QUEEN MARY, THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCE CHARLES, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE KING OF NORWAY, PRINCESS MARGARET, PRINCESS ASTRID, SIR H. ABEL SMITH, LADY MAY ABEL SMITH, THE EARL OF ATHLONE AND PRINCESS ALICE (L. TO R.)

THE MARCH-PAST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKING THE SALUTE, WATCHED BY THE KING OF NORWAY AND OTHER ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED SPECTATORS ON THE BALCONY.

At the conclusion of the King's Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour on June 7, at which Princess Elizabeth deputised for his Majesty, her Royal Highness rode back to the Palace, a brave figure in her uniform as Colonel of the Grenadiers, on *Winston*, a light chestnut. She rode

at the head of the King's Guard, preceded by the Massed Bands of the Brigade of Guards. On arrival at the Palace she took the salute at the march-past of the Guards. The King of Norway, who had watched the ceremony at the Horse Guards, witnessed the march-past at the Palace from the balcony.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TO-DAY—June 16—is a red-letter day for this journal. For on it Illustrated Newspapers, of which this is the oldest and most famous publication, takes over premises in the Strand at the corner of Milford Lane on the very site at which *The Illustrated London News* began its existence 109 years ago, on May 14, 1842. As a site for an illustrated newspaper which looks out from London on the world, it could scarcely be bettered. For it stands at the historic point and on the historic highway where Greater London and Westminster open on to the ancient City of London. Almost opposite it is St. Clement Danes—the beautiful church which, in one form or another, has stood there since Roman London began to revive as a trading capital after its incorporation in King Alfred's Wessex. And that church and its foundation embody something that is almost more important than anything else in our history. For the fact that the Danes, King Alfred's savage enemies, needed a Christian church in the city he had liberated from their compatriots was due to the magnanimous and truly Christian way in which that heroic Sovereign, after his defeat and encirclement of the invaders who had been so cruelly ravaging his country, spared their lives, forgave their offences and sent them, after offering them Christian baptism, with peace and honour, home. In all our subsequent thousand years of history there is, I think, no nobler episode or one in which an Englishman can take more legitimate pride. It seems all the more fitting that the windows of *The Illustrated London News*, that mirrors the English tradition and way of life to a wider world—and whose chief contributor, as I love to reflect, for nearly a third of its long and honourable history was Gilbert Keith Chesterton—should look across to that famous church. It is a perpetual reminder of what England stands for at its highest.

The historic link involved in the move is all the greater because with it the present Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, Sir Bruce Ingram, returns to the spot from which, as Editor of this journal, he recorded—at the outset of his long and distinguished career—the funeral of that great Queen, Victoria, herself, it is interesting to reflect, born in the reign of a monarch who ascended the throne in the lifetime of men who had been alive at the time of the Fire of London. This distinguished Editor's own record is one of which every contributor to this paper is deeply and justly proud; I can think of no parallel to it in the history of journalism. And the place from which Sir Bruce so long ago conducted *The Illustrated London News'* affairs and where he is now so happily to conduct them once more, is the place in which his father did so before him and where his grandfather, Herbert Ingram—the creator of illustrated journalism—first launched this paper on its world-famous career.

Herbert Ingram was a representative man of his age—the most vigorous and enterprising age in the history of this or probably any other country. He was a young Lincolnshire printer, a Fenman with all a Fenman's courage and vitality, who came up to London with the resolve to give mankind something new and thereby—an honourable ambition—to make his name and fortune. A newspaper full of pictures was a completely novel conception; the technical difficulties in the way of achieving it at that time were

enormous. Each picture had to be drawn by an artist and engraved by hand on pieces of box-wood, while the captions and articles had to be set letter by letter. But with indefatigable energy this young man, helped by his friend, Henry Vizetelly, the engraver, set himself to overcome them. Twenty-six thousand copies of the first issue were sold, and before the end of the year the weekly circulation, at sixpence, had risen to 60,000—an enormous figure for those days. Nine years later, at the time of the Great Exhibition, this latter figure had been more than doubled; by 1856 it had touched the 200,000 mark.

And the paper's early contributors included most of the famous draughtsmen and engravers of the day, including John Leech, George Cruikshank, Birket Foster, Sir John Gilbert, Hablot Browne, Alfred "Crowquill" and W. J. Linton. Among its regular writers were Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks and Richard Garnett. When, in 1860, Herbert Ingram, by that time Member of Parliament for his native town, lost his life while still in his forties in a steamer disaster on Lake Michigan, he had created one of the chief social institutions of his age and of those that were to follow. Every illustrated newspaper in the world owes its inception to his imagination, initiative and administrative ability. To-day it would be almost impossible to calculate how great a proportion of human time is devoted to contemplation of the medium he initiated, and how much pleasure and instruction are derived from it.

Some of the methods employed by Herbert Ingram and his collaborators to establish his child are amusing to reflect upon in the changed world of to-day. One of them, delightfully illustrated on the last page of the first issue, was to hire 200 men—all of them, apparently, save one, who had a wooden leg, in frock-coats and top-hats—arm them with enormous poster-boards labelled "The Illustrated London News," 30 engravings, Price 6d., and send them in a massed phalanx along the pavements round the town. Another was to charter a steamer on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's inaugural procession up the Thames to Westminster that November and to greet the coloured and heraldic City barges of tradition with a broadside, "with which," the issue of the paper describing the event recalls with pride, "the civic dignitaries appeared to be highly pleased." It is this famous Lord Mayor's Day water procession, now long since

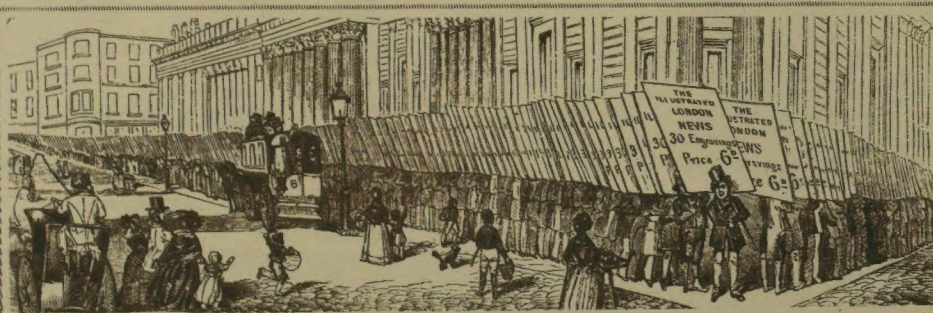
abandoned, that is still depicted on our cover. Another picture, illustrating the paper's early struggles to win its great place in the public esteem and one which gives me particular delight, is that of the crowd outside its Strand offices on the occasion of the publication of the Great Exhibition Supplement in May, 1851. Among the dignified top-hatted figures sternly and eagerly awaiting the great moment of issue are three pigtailed Chinese, while, by another door, a crowd of less stately persons, also wearing top-hats, mill furiously around the newsboys, while a tail-coated Peeler looks on with impassive approval at this hearty manifestation of *laissez-faire*. These early volumes of *The Illustrated London News*, like their later successors, make a wonderful mirror of history. They are a leading part, as a grateful historian knows, of the sources from which our knowledge of the Victorian era and the first half of the twentieth century are drawn.

THE BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" RECALLED
ON OUR RETURN HOME TO 198, STRAND.



WAITING FOR ISSUES OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN 1851: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE OFFICE AT 198, STRAND, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(From "The Illustrated London News" of May 24, 1851.)



PROCLAIMING THE ADVENT OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: 200 MEN PARADING THE STREETS OF LONDON BEARING ENORMOUS POSTER-BOARDS. (AN ENGRAVING REPRESENTING THE PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PAPER IN MAY, 1842, AND REPRODUCED FROM THE FIRST NUMBER WHICH WAS DATED MAY 14, 1842.)

The move this week-end of all the six papers of Illustrated Newspapers back to the site of the original home of *The Illustrated London News* in the Strand, now called Ingram House, arouses memories. Dr. Bryant, in his article on this page, describes the zest with which Herbert Ingram launched the early numbers of the paper. On the last page of the first issue there appeared the engraving (reproduced above) of the 200 men who were hired to parade the streets of London bearing enormous poster boards labelled "The Illustrated London News. 30 engravings. Price 6d." Nine years later, in our issue of May 24, 1851, a long quotation was reproduced from an article "in our able contemporary the *Economist*" which included a vivid description of the crowds that waited outside the publishing office of *The Illustrated London News* at 198, Strand, for the double number of the Great Exhibition which was published in three languages, English, French and German. The *Economist* said that on such occasions as these *The Illustrated London News* issued nearly 200,000 copies "and thus keeps, for half the week, that part of the Strand in a tumult, while the operation of distributing the papers is going on." An editorial note stated that the *Economist* had "considerably understated the circulation of our Journal," and added that the illustration (reproduced above-top) was given "for such of our readers as have not the opportunity of seeing our Office."



YOUNG GRANT'S GAZELLES: THE STRIPED FACE AND BANDED BODY FORM PERFECT PROTECTIVE COLOURING AMONG THE GRASS AND STONES OF THEIR NATIVE LAND.



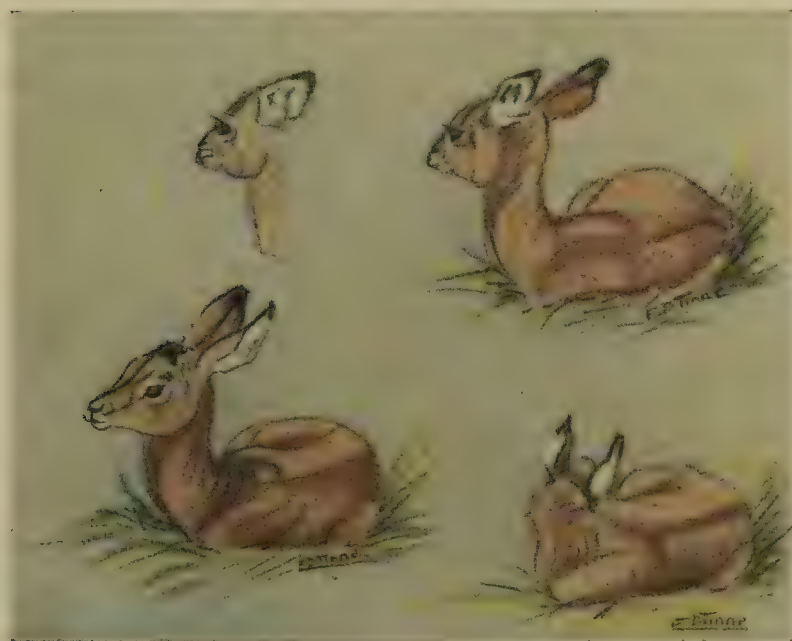
GRANT'S GAZELLES: FOR SOME TIME THE ZOO HAD NO SPECIMENS OF THESE IN ITS GARDENS. THIS PAIR WERE PURCHASED IN THE AUTUMN OF 1949.



A BLACKBUCK FAMILY AS SEEN BY AN ARTIST: AN OLD AND A YOUNG BUCK AND DOES ARE RESTING TOGETHER AFTER FEEDING. THE HERD OF BLACKBUCK OR INDIAN ANTELOPE SPEND A CONSIDERABLE TIME IN THEIR Paddock.



A NORTHERN WATERBUCK. THIS YOUNG MALE, NOW FULL-GROWN, WAS PURCHASED IN SEPTEMBER 1949 AND IS NOW WITH THE FEMALE PURCHASED IN 1946.



STUDIES OF BABY IMPALA: THIS PERFECT AND MOST SELF-POSSESSED MINIATURE OF THE ADULT WAS THE SECOND IMPALA TO BE BORN IN THE ZOO.



ELAND ANTELOPE—A WEEK OLD: IT LAY SO STILL IN THE STRAW THAT VISITORS HARDLY REALISED ITS PRESENCE. ELAND ARE THE LARGEST OF THE ANTELOPE.

STUDIES OF FAMILY LIFE AT THE ZOO AND WHIPSNADE: THE INFANT GRACE OF NEWLY BORN ANTELOPE AND THEIR HANDSOME PARENTS.

The grace of youth is as attractive in animals as in human beings, and the joys of a visit to the London Zoo or to Whipsnade are increased if newly-born creatures are on view. It is proof of the excellent conditions under which the animals live that so many breed in captivity. Our drawings include portraits of two eland at the half-grown stage, beautiful animals in perfect condition. Eland are the largest of the antelope, quiet, rather cow-like in disposition, but capable of great speed. Those at

Whipsnade spend much time in their paddock. Impala are dainty and very swift. If alarmed they dash off, springing in every direction, and can clear obstacles 12 ft. high. The Blackbuck are usually to be seen in the paddock. The young buck keeps watch and hustles the does out of the way of any supposed danger. The young are born at various times of year. A fawn dropped on the hill in the paddock will be on its feet within an hour and within three hours will be galloping with other fawns, large and small.

From the drawings by E. D. Tinne.



Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,

How Sultan after Sultan, with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

Edward Fitzgerald, *Omar Khayyam*.

In our issue of March 25 last year, M. Daniel Schlumberger described how the *Délégation Archéologique Française en Afghanistan* had, during 1948 and 1949, discovered, identified and partly excavated a huge palace fortress in the heart of south-western Afghanistan. The remains consisted of three great masses of sun-dried brick building beside the River Hilmand, in a place now called Lashkari-Bazar. These ruins were known to exist, but they were so large, despite the savage sandstorms of the district, that they had been dismissed as "modern." On investigation, however, they proved to be of the tenth century, and were identified beyond question as the residence of the Ghaznavid Sultans, including Mahmud and Masud, who extended the dominion of Islam into India and may be considered as the founders of modern Pakistan.

Of the capitals of these Sultans, Ghazni in the mountains, Bust in the desert, little remains, but of this newly identified city, known and described in Arabic and Persian authors as al-Askar or Lashkargah (the city of soldiers), the walls still stand to a great height, and in the rooms and courtyards remain much elaborate decoration in plaster and carved brick, both formal and calligraphic, and, most amazing of all, numerous painted walls in which were shown human figures, ornamental rosettes, flowers and birds. Much of this painting was damaged and very faint and, according to late reports, appeared to be fading still further since its discovery. Excavation has been mainly confined to the southern palace; and the secrets of the central palace (shown above) and the northern palace still await discovery.

ONE OF THE GREAT GHAZNAVID RUINS RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE SOUTHERN DESERTS
OF AFGHANISTAN: THE CENTRAL PALACE OF LASHKARI-BAZAR.

THE GREAT PALACE OF MAHMUD IN AFGHANISTAN : CARVINGS AND DECORATIONS FROM A UNIQUE SECULAR BUILDING OF THE GHAZNAVID ERA, THE PALACE OF LASHKARI-BAZAR.

By DANIEL SCHLUMBERGER,
Director of the French Archaeological Delegation in Afghanistan.

(In our issue of March 25, 1950, we published a number of photographs and an article on the discovery of a group of Ghaznavid palaces in south-western Afghanistan by the French Archaeological Delegation in that country. That article was by the Director of the Delegation, M. Daniel Schlumberger, who now discusses on this page the remarkable carvings and paintings in these unique secular buildings of the Ghaznavid era (eleventh century A.D.)—one of which, the central palace, we show in full colour on the facing page.)

IN a previous issue of *The Illustrated London News* (March 25, 1950), an account was given of excavations undertaken at Lashkari-Bazar, a Ghaznavid royal residence recently rediscovered in south-western Afghanistan by the "Délégation Archéologique Française." One of the main interests of the excavation was that it yielded abundant remains of the decoration of the palace. This decoration, mostly ornamental, consists of carving and painting.

The carving was done in mud brick (Fig. 4) or in plaster (Fig. 3), or even in baked brick, usually touched up with colour. Most of it had collapsed with the vaults and upper parts of the walls and appeared, broken into a thousand pieces, at the bottom of our excavation trenches (Fig. 3). But some of it was still clinging to the walls. On the very day we discovered the palace we had noticed small fragments of such carvings, preserved under the arcades of the façade. Larger pieces were dug out, some of them showing remains of decorative inscriptions, usually verses of the Korân.

Like the carvings, the painted decoration was mainly ornamental. Fine samples of blue arabesques were found on the walls of the square "banquet-room." Amongst the débris of the fallen vaults fragments of colonnettes, from a kind of balustrade as it seemed, drew our attention: much to our surprise, remains of figure-painting were preserved on two of them. The first, a piece of truly fine quality, showed the head of a youth, his face and head-dress still in perfect condition, his elongated eyes apparently indicating a Turk. Most of the figure on the second colonnette is lost. But one detail is of interest: the fluttering ribbons of the lost head-dress, in the Sasanian fashion.

This fine discovery was to be amplified by finds of the same kind in the "audience-hall." As was shown by the excavation, the roof of that hall had been carried by arches resting on six massive pillars, four of them rectangular, the last two, at the back of the room, L-shaped. The upper part of the pillars, as well as the arches (of which only fragments are extant),

was decorated with carved panelling and ornaments of the usual type. But the lower part of the pillars was adorned with great figure-paintings. They show rows of men, full-length and seen from in front. Unfortunately, there is scarcely

showing the "immortals" of the Achaemenian King; one cannot help wondering whether, after a lapse of 1500 years, we have not here again a representation of the Royal guard.

It has often been held that Islam had, from the beginnings, proscribed the representation of the human figure. This belief is belied by many a passage in the early Islamic authors, and has definitely been dispelled by a number of archaeological finds made in recent years. It is now a well-established fact that, in the early centuries of Islam, there was no ban on figurative art, except, however, in religious buildings, where it was carried out with the utmost rigour. The "audience-hall" of the palace at Lashkari-Bazar has yielded a new and interesting proof of this fact. For in that hall, though half-separated from it and concealed by one of the L-shaped pillars, a small mosque was discovered (Fig. 1), with its walls and prayer-niche profusely covered with ornaments. And, in utter contrast with the paintings in the secular part of the hall, these ornaments (Fig. 2) offered but geometrical, floral and calligraphic motives, and were strictly devoid of any figure.

Now, while our discovery of figure-paintings is in no way unaccountable, documents of that kind nevertheless remain extremely rare, simply because secular monuments of importance are themselves very rare. As I pointed out in my first article, none are known in the Iranian countries and, as a matter of fact, no instances of human representations seem to be preserved, except in the field of minor arts: on pottery, on bronze objects, etc. Our discoveries therefore appear to be unique of their kind.

The rich archaeological material newly unearthed at Lashkari-Bazar still awaits thorough study. Among the results that we may expect with confidence to gain by such a study is a fuller understanding of the part played in the development of Iranian art by the East Iranian countries nowadays forming Afghanistan. Of the two great Turkish dynasties of pre-Mongol Iran, the Ghaznavid dynasty of Afghanistan, it may be recalled, is senior to the Seljukid dynasty of Persia, and part of what was attributed to the latter might be shown to go back to the former. For instance, most of the samples known up to date of the so-called "brick-style" architecture are to be found in Persia, and are dated in the Seljukid period. Therefore, the one great monument of that style already known in Afghanistan, the beautiful arch still standing at Bust, was itself often considered to be Seljukid and dated as late as the twelfth century. But the ornament in the palace at Lashkari-Bazar, especially the decoration of baked brick in the "audience-hall" (Fig. 2), is so closely similar to the decoration on the arch of Bust that there can be little doubt that the palace and the arch are contemporary.

The great importance of the age of the Sultans of Ghazni in the development of Moslem civilisation has long been known from the mediæval authors. It is now becoming well illustrated by archaeological documents.



FIG. 1. THE SMALL MOSQUE DISCOVERED INSIDE THE GREAT "AUDIENCE-HALL" OF THE SOUTHERN PALACE AT LASHKARI-BAZAR. FOR A DETAIL OF ITS DECORATION, SEE FIG. 2.



FIG. 2. DECORATION ON ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE SMALL INTERIOR MOSQUE SHOWN IN FIG. 1. ALTHOUGH THE HALL IN WHICH THE MOSQUE STANDS IS COVERED WITH FIGURE-PAINTINGS, THE MOSQUE RECESS IS DEVOID OF ANY FIGURES AND ITS ORNAMENT IS CONFINED TO GEOMETRICAL, FLORAL AND CALLIGRAPHIC MOTIFS.

When the "audience-hall" of the southern palace was excavated—and it is probably the first major Ghaznavid secular building to be found—its walls were found to be covered with paintings of human figures. Since their discovery, however, it has been lately reported that these paintings are rapidly fading and crumbling after exposure, but they are well attested and have been recorded. In this "audience-hall," however, was the small recessed mosque we show in Fig. 1. No figure decoration whatever appeared on its walls, and the strict rule of Islamic religious art was followed to the letter.

anything left of the heads, but it seems these were haloed and turned towards the back of the room. There must have been about fifty of these figures. Remains of forty-four of them are preserved. They are all alike, except for the details of their bedizened dresses. All of them are holding the handle or haft of an instrument or weapon we are no longer able to identify. Between the figures, at the level of the heads and of the hips, ornamental rosettes, flowers, birds are to be seen. Whom are those figures supposed to depict? Here we are reduced to guessing, but one cannot help remembering the friezes of enamelled bricks from the palace at Susa (now in the Musée du Louvre),



FIG. 3. A DECORATION OF CARVED PLASTER, PHOTOGRAPHED AS IT WAS FOUND, LYING AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE FALLEN VAULTS OF THE SOUTHERN IWAN OF THE PALACE.



FIG. 4. A FRAGMENT OF AN INSCRIPTION IN KUFIC SCRIPT, CARVED IN MUD BRICK, BEING CLEANED BY A NATIVE WORKMAN IMMEDIATELY AFTER DISCOVERY.



LONDON WELCOMES KING HAAKON OF NORWAY: THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL YACHT *NORGE* PASSING UNDER TOWER BRIDGE (ABOVE);
AND THE JOURNEY UP-RIVER TO WESTMINSTER IN THE ROYAL BARGE (LOWER PHOTOGRAPH).

In the brilliant sunshine of an ideal June day, the people of London welcomed the King of Norway when he arrived on June 5 for his three-day official visit. A forty-one-gun salute greeted the Norwegian Royal yacht *Norge* as she steamed into the Pool of London. King Haakon was met by the Duke of

Gloucester, deputising for the King, in the Royal barge. Flying the Norwegian Royal Standard at the prow, the Royal barge moved up-river towards Westminster, to the accompaniment of a chorus of ships' sirens and the cheers of Londoners, who have a special affection for Norway's sailor king.



THE KING OF NORWAY LANDS AT WESTMINSTER PIER (ABOVE) AND GREETES QUEEN ELIZABETH; AND (BELOW) DRIVES WITH HER IN STATE UP THE CROWDED MALL TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

After the brilliant scene of the King of Norway's arrival by river, he was greeted at Westminster Pier by the Queen, who awaited him with many members of the Royal Family. This was followed by a State drive up the Mall in brilliant sunshine, between cheering crowds, to Buckingham Palace. Later King Haakon paid a visit to Westminster Abbey; and called on Queen Mary at Marlborough House. In the evening, before the State banquet at

Buckingham Palace, he visited King George in the apartments to which his illness has confined him. At the banquet in the State ballroom in Buckingham Palace Princess Elizabeth read her father's speech of welcome and proposed the toast of King Haakon and the people of Norway. King Haakon replied, and after a tribute to the British spirit in war and peace, proposed the health of the King and drank to the prosperity of the British nation.

WHAT'S WHAT IN LONDON, REVISED.

"AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF LONDON"; BY WILLIAM KENT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. WILLIAM KENT is a veteran of geography, archaeology and historiography, with ten works on London to his credit, as diverse as "The Lost Treasures of London" and "London for Americans." His chief work, "An Encyclopædia of London," was published in 1937. It had a great reception from papers all over the world. Somebody—not I, although I was already infesting this page at that date—wrote in this periodical: "I grovel before Mr. Kent. Would that I were master of a thousand of his facts." Without making quite so profound an obeisance, I share in the indicated enthusiasm. Mr. Kent did a first-class piece of work: and he has now produced a revised edition which should have an even wider welcome.

The changes which have been made are indicated in a paragraph in Mr. Kent's Preface: "There had to be the application of a pruning-knife for this second edition. Otherwise it must have been published at a price prohibitive to many London lovers. The first edition was a marvel of cheapness. The reviewer in *Notes and Queries* of my book *London Worthies* chided me for saying so in the Preface to that book, regarding it as self-praise. If he reads this, let me assure him that I was thinking of the name of Dent and not of Kent. As the work just mentioned—through the courtesy of the publishers of this *Encyclopædia*—included the biographies that first appeared in the latter, they have now been omitted. Another of my works, *My Host London* (Nicholson and Watson), deals with foreigners who visited the Metropolis, so the article on this subject has not been repeated. As the matter included in 'Americans in London' and 'American Memorials in London' is in my *London for Americans* (Staples Press, Ltd.), those two articles are omitted. On the other hand, there are some new articles: 'Banks,' 'Belgravia,' 'Blitz,' 'Institutes,' 'South Bank.'



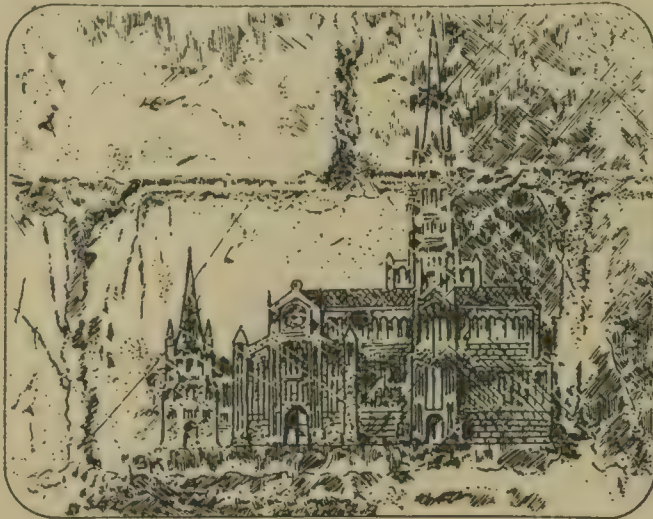
THE INTERIOR OF "BIG BEN"—CLOCK TOWER.
Central Office of Information.

The omissions are regrettable: but at least Mr. Kent has told us how to repair them—namely, by acquiring (which we certainly shan't regret doing) certain of his other books. And the first thing that should be remembered by anybody taking up this book and looking for this, that, or the other kind of information, and possibly not finding it, is that Mr. Kent has had to cut his coat according to his cloth. For myself, I should have liked about three times the amount of information in three volumes: to which suggestion Messrs. Dent and Kent (who have a strangely reminiscent ring of Tweedledum and Tweedledee) would reply: "Were that to be done the price would be three times as large"—to which there is no answer. There is always a temptation to the reader of an anthology to start cursing the compiler for his omissions instead of expressing gratitude and admiration for his inclusions. In the same way, a reviewer of a book of this sort will be tempted to exclaim: "Why on earth hasn't he mentioned So-and-so?"

* "An Encyclopædia of London." By William Kent, F.S.A.
Sixteen pages of half-tone illustrations. (Dent; 20s.)

and "Imagine a man giving only three lines to that!" But a quart cannot be put into a pint-pot, and, instead of hankering after the quart-of-dreams, it is more sensible to concentrate on the quality of the provided pint.

Were I to start picking holes in this admirable compilation, I should not find it difficult to discover holes to pick. I might, for instance, wonder why, under the heading of "London Clubs," accounts are given of relatively minor ones, while some of the most ancient and eminent ones are dismissed with a mere mention in a list. I might, in a similar connection,



OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: GRAFFITO ON THE WALL OF ASHWELL CHURCH, HERTFORDSHIRE.
London and Middlesex Archaeological Society.

wonder why, when there is a reference to "women's clubs," no mention is made of the most celebrated of those institutions, though space is spared for: "Women Journalists—the latter have lunchtime meetings in Stationers' Hall." I might suggest, again, that although much of the information given about the early London theatres is valuable, a good deal of space is wasted on recording productions of little importance in their own day and of no possible interest to posterity, and details such as: "The theatre was bought by J. Arthur Rank for £200,000 in Sept. 1945, to further Television-Cinema plans; this project not maturing it was auctioned in 1950, but withdrawn at £140,000 for sale by private treaty." But why not be grateful for what we are given? How much it is.

Some of it is in astonishingly compressed form. Mr. Kent must have hurt his hands squeezing the sponge when he reduced his entry on Shadwell to this: "Shadwell (formerly 'Chadwell,' conjectured to be from a spring dedicated to St. Chad) is a small par., by the riverside, between Ratcliff and Wapping. It was separated from Stepney par. in 1670. The ch. dedicated to St. Paul, was built 1656. The patronage is with the dean of St. P.'s. Joseph Butler, as dean, nominated as rector, 1741, his nephew of the same name. He liked the place so little that he preached his first sermon from the text 'Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesek,' etc. (Psalm CXX. 5)—nevertheless he seems still to have been there when Lysons wrote in 1795. The old ch., demolished 1817, was replaced by the present one in 1821. It is on the S. side of Shadwell High St., a continuation of old 'Ratcliff Highway.' In K. Edward VII Memorial Park there is a tablet commemorating Sir Hugh Willoughby, Martin Frobisher, etc." I cannot conjecture what names of illustrious explorers are covered by that "etc.," but Mr. Kent, with but one volume at his disposal, has done his utmost; and he has certainly got a great many facts into a very small space and said enough to tempt a person, like myself, who has never visited Shadwell, to go to have a look at it and commune with the spirits of the heroic Elizabethan dead.

"Never visited Shadwell": such words must surely cause even men who think that they know London well to realise that there are great tracts of it which, for all their zealous expeditions, they have never seen. Browsing in Mr. Kent's book I have not merely met with alluring facts about districts which to me are but names on the fronts of far-travelling buses, but have learnt a great deal about places which I thought had no more secrets to reveal to me.



MR. WILLIAM KENT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. William Kent, who was born in 1884, has been a London guide and lecturer since 1915. His "Encyclopædia of London," a revised edition of which is reviewed on this page, was first published in 1937. He has written many books about London, including "The Lost Treasures of London" (1947) and "Look at London" (1950).

"Bloomsbury," for instance: I had no idea that it "derives its name from the manor of 'Blemundsbury,' owned in the 13th century by the De Blemontes, Blemunds, or Blemmots. Their manor house stood somewhere between the sites of the modern Bloomsbury and Russell Squares."

Thinking of more recondite places (and I once found an interesting church and inn there), I looked up Hoxton in the index. It wasn't there, so I looked up the adjoining Haggerston. When I turned back to the relevant page, I found both Hoxton and Haggerston recorded under the heading "Shoreditch," and encountered this Niagara of facts: "Shoreditch occupies the proud position of being the first par. in England to have a theatre. It stood a few yds. from the site of Curtain Rd. schs., and a tablet on Nos. 86-88 marks the site. The L. Music Hall, High St., was founded 1893. The Eagle Public House in City Rd. used to be the Grecian Theatre. At 73 Hoxton St. was Pollock's famous shop where toy theatres were sold. R. L. Stevenson visited it and mentioned it in his essay 'Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured' (*Memories and Portraits*).

"In the Kingsland Rd. is the interesting little Geffrye Mus. of the L.C.C. (see 'Museums')."

"There runs E. from St. John's Rd., Hoxton, to the S.E. of St. John's Ch. a narrow lane called Pimlico Walk; a reminder that the original Pimlico district was in Hoxton and not in Westminster. In *News from Hogsden*, 1598, there is an allusion 'Hey for old Ben Pimlico's nut browne.' In a drollery of 1609 called *Pimlico or Runne Redcap*. 'Tis a mad world at Hogsden, Pimlico means a brand of ale or beer surpassing a brand called Eyebright, and Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*, 1610, speaks of 'a second Hogsden, in days of Pimlico and Eyebright.' The Britannia Theatre (1858) at the E. end of Pimlico Walk is said to occupy the site of a tavern called the Pimlico, attached to which were Pimlico Gardens."

Had Mr. Kent more space he would doubtless have mentioned a later Victorian "drollery" referring to the district:

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes:
Pop goes the weasel!

The weasel, I believe (the trade, with its weasels and geese, seems to favour animal names) was a



WESTMINSTER PIER AND BOADICEA STATUE.
Central Office of Information.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "An Encyclopædia of London"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, J. M. Dent and Sons.

tailor's implement, and liable to be pawned. About the time when that song was written it was reported of a man with a defective ear for music that he didn't know "Pop goes the Queen" from "God save the Weasel."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page roof of this issue.



"THERE IS NOTHING THE NAVY CANNOT DO": THE EVER-POPULAR ROYAL NAVAL FIELD-GUN COMPETITION IN PROGRESS AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: PRINCESS ASTRID, H.M. THE QUEEN, KING HAAKON AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE ROYAL BOX.



A FEATURE OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: MASSED PIPERS AND DRUMMERS OF SCOTTISH REGIMENTS, WITH HIGHLAND DANCING BY BOYS OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL, DUNBLANE.

THE KING OF NORWAY'S STATE VISIT: HIS MAJESTY AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

On June 6 the King of Norway accompanied the Queen and Princess Margaret to the opening of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court. His granddaughter, Princess Astrid, who is studying at Oxford, was also present. His Majesty took the salute at the close of each event, among them being those ever-popular items, the Royal Naval field-gun competition, which we show in progress, and the musical drive by The King's Troop, Royal Horse

Artillery. In the morning King Haakon had received at Buckingham Palace a party of officers and men of The Green Howards, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief, and a party of officers and men of the Norfolk Yeomanry, of which he is Honorary Colonel. In the evening, his Majesty entertained the Queen at dinner at the Norwegian Embassy. Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Gloucester were also present.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A FEW weeks ago I discovered, to my delight, that a long-overdue book on gardening had made its appearance. I had no idea that "Gentians in the Garden," by G. H.

Berry, had ever been contemplated, much less written and published. Directly I saw the book I pounced, and have since been browsing, though I have not yet had time to read and digest the whole of this invaluable work. For many years Mr. Berry has been growing a wide range of choice Alpine plants in his garden at Enfield, and among other genera he has specialised in gentians. In "Gentians in the Garden" he gives most carefully detailed accounts of innumerable experiments and series of experiments that he has carried out with different soils and soil mixtures, in order to discover how to grow some of the more difficult species.

One species, at any rate, seems to have defeated Mr. Berry's most careful techniques and blandishments. *Gentiana gilvostrata* is the one gentian that defied him. "There is no gentian I should so much like to grow with success, and all my efforts have ended in failure," he writes. He quotes, however, from a letter from a friend who has grown it with great success in Scotland: "The garden is situated on the shore of Loch Ness, the western end." Besides being a nice roomy place for monsters, Loch Ness appears to have almost unique horticultural virtues. I was once given a healthy plant of *Gentiana gilvostrata* which flowered just before it had time to die on me. My recollection is that it was a thing of beauty and a joy for—two, or perhaps three, days. But its beauty was not such that I feel impelled to go and live on the shore of Loch Ness, western end, and gloat alternately upon the Gentian and the Monster. I am content to grow the spring gentian, *Gentiana verna*, which is much easier to cultivate than the majority of rock-gardeners realise, and is surely the most beautiful of all the species. Certainly no gentian, when I see it flowering in the garden, or at Chelsea, transports me so vividly and completely to the high Alpine pastures as *Gentiana verna*, and no gentian—or any other Alpine, for that matter—causes such violent heart-beats as *verna* when found at its wild best in the Alps.

With "Gentians in the Garden" as guide, there is no excuse for failure with the spring gentian. As Mr. Berry rightly points out, it is absolutely essential to start with young plants, raised from seed, and grown in small pots, with roots running round and round those pots. If you have not the patience or the skill to raise your own youngsters, the only alternative is to buy from a good Alpine plant nursery, and make sure that the specimens supplied really have the mass of perfect roots described. Specimens collected in the Alps never give really satisfactory results, though a specimen of a specially fine form, with extra big flowers, or white, pale blue or purple flowers, may be brought home and induced to flower and so produce seed to be raised in the hope of good offspring.

Mr. Berry has discovered one very odd thing about raising *Gentiana verna* from seed. It has its fixed time for germinating—early March—and

THE SPRING GENTIAN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

nothing will induce the seed to germinate at any other time. It takes two years to raise a good young, flowering specimen. In the course of his soil experiments for the spring gentian Mr. Berry used a wide variety of ingredients—silver sand, grass-loam, peat, crock-grit, charcoal, coke cinders, manure, leaf-mould, limestone chips, bonemeal, and burnt clay, etc., mixing them in endlessly varied combinations and proportions. Most careful records were kept of the results. "The

most spectacular success," writes Mr. Berry, "was with what I afterwards called my one-fifth mixture: equal parts of silver sand, manure, peat, grass-loam, and crock-grit, with a small quantity of bonemeal. The plant growing in this mixture produced ninety-eight flowers two years after the experiment commenced." All these experiments were carried out with plants in

pots. I have used this "one-fifth" mixture for growing *Gentiana verna* in pots, and also for growing it planted out in trough or sink gardens, and for plantings in the open rock-garden, and invariably it has given complete success. It may be as well to explain that by grass-loam is meant good turfy meadow top-spit, stacked until nicely rotted. The manure is pure pats of cow-dung, dried and well crumbled, and crock-grit is broken flower-pots smashed up to about the size of split peas.

"Gentians in the Garden" is a book of immense value to the rock-gardener. The instructions for raising and growing *Gentiana verna* alone make it worth every penny of its cost. But it describes and tells how to grow practically all the other worth-while species, and Mr. Berry writes from practical experience and observation, all of which has been most carefully recorded and, above all, digested. The illustrations, both in colour and in monochrome, are

excellent, and not mere embellishments. Within certain limits *Gentiana verna* varies greatly, and it is worth while going to some trouble to secure specimens of a good type or a good strain. It is found wild in certain restricted areas in North Britain, and is abundant in some parts of Western Ireland. In the Alps of Europe it is widely distributed and often very abundant. The normal colour of the flowers is the most intensely pure and brilliant sapphire-blue, and without doubt the type is the one that is best worth growing. Occasionally, white-flowered varieties occur, just as white bluebells crop up here and there in our woods, and I have found occasional specimens with flowers of delicate Cambridge blue as well as strange slatey blue-grey. Near the Rolle Pass I have found large colonies of a form with reddish-violet flowers. These variants are always interesting to find, and it is difficult to resist collecting them and trying to establish them in the garden. But they never seem to remain in cultivation for long—which is perhaps a good thing. The important thing to aim at is a really good strain of the true-blue *G. verna*. There are forms with small, starry, narrow-petalled flowers, and these should be avoided. Other forms have a hearty, willing-to-grow constitution and flowers of good size, and with well-rounded petals, and it is from such types that seed should be saved for stock-raising.

The name *Gentiana angulosa* or *G. v. angulosa* stands for such races or forms of the spring gentian. What authority there is for the name *angulosa* I am uncertain. In nursery practice, at any rate, it is applied to any *G. verna* that has really fine, fully-petalled flowers, and a calyx which is widely winged. It is these forms that should be grown, for not only are the flowers extra large and handsome, but the constitution and will-to-grow of "angulosa" types or strains is far more satisfactory than in the smaller-flowered forms.



"NO GENTIAN—OR ANY OTHER ALPINE, FOR THAT MATTER—CAUSES SUCH VIOLENT HEART-BEATS AS *VERNA* WHEN FOUND AT ITS WILD BEST IN THE ALPS . . . OR WHEN GROWN LIKE THE ABOVE IN AN ENGLISH ROCK-GARDEN—WHEN EVERY BRILLIANT SAPPHIRE FLOWER SEEMS TO HAVE AN INDIVIDUAL VITALITY. [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]



A CLOSE-UP OF A GOOD PLANT OF *GENTIANA VERNA ANGULOSA*. "WHAT AUTHORITY THERE IS FOR THE NAME *ANGULOSA* I AM UNCERTAIN. IN NURSERY PRACTICE, AT ANY RATE, IT IS APPLIED TO ANY *G. VERNA* THAT HAS REALLY FINE, FULLY-PETALLED FLOWERS, AND A CALYX WHICH IS WIDELY WINGED."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

KING HAAKON OF NORWAY IN LONDON: INCIDENTS OF THE STATE VISIT.



ARRIVING AT THE NORWEGIAN EMBASSY, WHERE HE ENTERTAINED THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT DINNER: KING HAAKON OF NORWAY.



DRIVING FROM CLARENCE HOUSE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE DINNER IN HONOUR OF KING HAAKON: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO READ THE KING'S SPEECH FOR HER FATHER.



ARRIVING AT THE NORWEGIAN EMBASSY WITH HER GRANDFATHER, KING HAAKON: PRINCESS ASTRID OF NORWAY, WHO IS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD.



NEAR THE DOME OF DISCOVERY DURING A TOUR OF THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: KING HAAKON ACCOMPANIED BY MR. CECIL COOKE (LEFT), DIRECTOR, EXHIBITIONS, AND MR. GERALD BARRY, THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL, WHO RECEIVED A KNIGHTHOOD IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



THE GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE NORWEGIAN EMBASSY: H.M. THE QUEEN ARRIVING FOR THE DINNER GIVEN BY KING HAAKON DURING HIS RECENT STATE VISIT TO LONDON.



VISITORS AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION WELCOME THE KING OF NORWAY: SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO ACCLAIMED KING HAAKON DURING HIS TOUR. THE KING HEARD PART OF A PIANOFORTE RECITAL AT THE FESTIVAL HALL.



THE GUEST OF THE LORD MAYOR AT MANSION HOUSE: KING HAAKON OF NORWAY WITH THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS. A BARONETCY WAS CONFERRED ON THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN DENYS LOWSON, IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

King Haakon of Norway, who arrived in London on June 5 for a three-day State visit as the guest of the King and Queen, left Buckingham Palace on June 8, accompanied by his granddaughter, Princess Astrid, and went to the Norwegian Embassy, where it had been arranged that he should stay informally for about a week. During his State visit, the tall, seventy-eight-year-old King of Norway laid a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior; had tea with

Queen Mary at Marlborough House; was guest of honour at a banquet at Buckingham Palace; was present at the opening of the Royal Tournament, and entertained the Queen and other members of the Royal family at dinner at the Norwegian Embassy. On June 7 King Haakon watched the ceremony of Trooping the Colour; was the guest of the Lord Mayor at a luncheon at Mansion House, and toured the South Bank Exhibition in the afternoon.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND SOME OF THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



DR. E. A. WHITFIELD.
Created a Baron. A musician, he has been blind since he was twenty-one. He was a Governor of the B.C.B. from 1946-50. He has devoted much time and work to the welfare of the blind.



ALDERMAN V. L. A. MENTE.
Created a Baron. A pioneer of the Socialist movement, he was Labour M.P. for West Walthamstow, 1922-34 and 1939-50 when he vacated his seat to make way for Mr. Attlee. He was appointed a C.B.E. in 1948.



LT.-GEN. SIR B. FREYBERG.
Created a Baron. He has been Governor-General of New Zealand since 1946. During World War II, he commanded the Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force and the Allied Forces in Greece.



PROFESSOR HILDA LLOYD.
Created a D.B.E. She is President of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists and Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Queen Elizabeth Hospital and University of Birmingham.



PROFESSOR LILLIAN BENSON.
Created a D.B.E. Vice-Chancellor of University of London, 1948-51, she has been Professor of Modern History in the University of London (UCL) since 1942. She is the author of a number of books.



MISS FLORENCE HANCOCK.
Created a D.B.E. She has been Chief Women Officer, Transport and General Workers' Union since 1942. Elected to the General Council of the T.U.C. in 1945, she was President of the British T.U.C., 1947-48.



MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.
Appointed a C.B.E. A well-known actress, she is now appearing with the Old Vic Theatre Company in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and has been in many of their previous productions.



MISS MARGOT FONTEYN.
Appointed a C.B.E. Prima Ballerina, Sadler's Wells Ballet, she has achieved international fame. During the Company's American tour she revolutionised the American attitude towards the classical ballet.



MISS IVY COMPTON-BURNETT.
Appointed a C.B.E. A well-known novelist, her first book, "Passions and Masters," was published in 1922 and her most recent book, "Darkness and Day," was published in April this year.



MR. S. G. HOLLAND.
Appointed a Companion of Honour. He has been Prime Minister of New Zealand since December, 1949. Having been previously Leader of the Opposition since 1942, he entered Parliament in 1926.



ALDERMAN DENIS LAWSON.
Created a Baronet. Lord Mayor of London, 1950-51. He was called to the Bar (Inner Temple) in 1930, and worked in Mercantile Bank in London and Berlin. He was one of H.M. 7 Lads, for the City of London, 1942.



PROFESSOR G. E. MOORE.
Awarded the Order of Merit. First Honorary Professor at Cambridge, 1925-30; visiting Professor at various Colleges and Universities in the United States, 1942-44. He was editor of *Mind*, 1921-47.



MR. C. J. CHANCELLOR.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He is editorial manager of *Picasso*, which is celebrating its centenary this July. He was *Picasso's* general manager and chief correspondent in the Far East, from 1931 to 1937.



MR. GODFREY TEARLE.
Designated a Knight Bachelor in the Birthday Honours. An actor, he was first President of the British Actors' Equity Association. Last year he took the part of Dr. Oppenheimer in *"Hiroshima"* at the Haymarket.



MR. GERALD BARRY.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He is Director-General of the Festival of Britain. He founded the *Weekend Review*, and edited it 1930-34; and was editor of the *News Chronicle*, 1936-47.



ENGLAND'S TEAM FOR THE FIRST TEST MATCH AT TRENT BRIDGE: SOUTH AFRICA BATTED FIRST AND MADE 483 RUNS FOR 9 (DECLARED). A. D. NOBLE 208.
Top row, left to right: J. H. Wardle (York), W. Watson (York), R. Tattersall (Lancs), D. Kenyon (Worce), (leftmost man), J. T. H. Lamb (Lancs), seated, left to right: A. V. Belder (Glouce), T. E. Bailey (Essex), D. C. S. Compton (Middlesex), F. R. Brown (Northants), captain, L. Hutton (York), R. T. Simpson (North), T. C. Evans (Kent). The match began on June 7, South Africa batting first, and scoring 483 for 9 (declared).



THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM, AT PRESENT TOURING THIS COUNTRY: FROM WHICH THE SIDE FOR THE FIRST TEST MATCH, AT TRENT BRIDGE, WAS CHOSEN.
Top row, left to right: G. H. Van Ryensdell, A. M. B. Rowan, J. H. B. Waite, D. J. McGlew, C. H. MacLennan, W. Endean, N. Maltby, T. Marshall, sitting left to right: G. W. A. Chubb, E. A. Rowan (vice-captain), A. D. Nourse (captain), J. W. Chessham, G. M. Fullerton, N. D. F. Mann, Endean, Maltby, Marshall and McLaren were not chosen for the first Test, but McLaren fielded when Nourse was absent.



MR. C. KINGSLEY ADAMS.
Appointed to succeed the late Sir Henry Make as Director, Keeper and Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery. He joined the staff of the Gallery as an Assistant Keeper in 1919. In 1926 he edited catalogues of the Garrick Club and of the Duke of Portland's collection.



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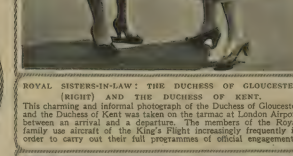
ENTERING THE SENATE HOUSE WITH A PAGE HOLDING HIS TRAIN: MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. LORD TORDOFF, WHO WAS INSTALLED AS CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.
On June 7 Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tordoff was installed as Chancellor of Cambridge University in succession to General Smuts. In his speech to the University in the Senate House Lord Tordoff stressed the need for leadership and not for "a leader."



AFTER THE CEREMONIES AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: (L. TO R.) MR. W. J. JORDAN, LORD TORDOFF, THE NEW CHANCELLOR, AND GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY.
In the afternoon of June 7 the new Chancellor of Cambridge University, Lord Tordoff, conferred a number of honorary degrees. The recipients include General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee, and Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand.



LORD TENNISON.
Died on June 6, aged sixty-nine. A well-known cricketer, he played for Eton 1907 and 1908, for Kent in South Africa, 1913-14 and 1924-25, captained Hampshire and captained England in England in 1921. He served through the 1914-18 war in the Royal Berkshire and was re-employed 1940 with R.N. Air Arm.



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CROWNED AS RULER OF BRUNEI: H.H. OMAR ALI SAID-UD-DIN (RIGHT) LISTENING TO GREETINGS FROM KING GEORGE VI. BEING DELIVERED BY MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD.
On May 31 His Highness Omar Ali Sa'id-uddin was crowned as the twenty-ninth ruler of Brunei. The Chief Minister of Brunei, Duli Pengiran Bendahara (centre in our photograph) placed the crown upon the head of the thirty-six-year-old Sultan, who was dressed in cream and gold brocade.



LEAVING THE QUIRINAL PALACE AFTER PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS: HERR VON BRENTANO (LEFT, CENTRE), THE FIRST GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO ITALY SINCE THE WAR.
On June 1 Herr Clement von Brentano, Consul-General in Rome, presented his credentials as Germany's first Ambassador to Italy since the war to President Einaudi. Our photograph shows him leaving after the ceremony, accompanied by Count Piccolomini, chief of the Presidency's ceremonial staff.



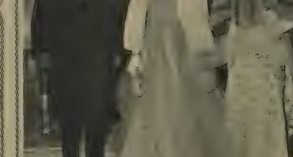
RECIPIENTS OF HONORARY DEGREES: DAME EDITH EVANS (SEATED CAMERA) AND MISS ROSE MACAULAY.
Dame Edith Evans, the distinguished actress, and Miss Rose Macaulay, the novelist and essayist, were both recipients of honorary degrees (Doctors of Letters) at Cambridge University on June 7. A grand ceremony in Pembroke College, given by the Master and Fellows, followed the conferment. The installation ceremony was in the morning.



SIR LIONEL E. H. WHITBY.
Elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University for the ensuing academic year, starting on October 1. He has been Master of Downing College since 1947, and was appointed British Professor of Physics, Cambridge, in 1945. He served in the Royal Air Force and has published his publications include "Medical Radiology."



LORD OMORE.
Appointed to succeed Lord Pakenham as Minister for Civil Aviation. He was formerly Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, and, as Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Rees Williams, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He lost his seat in the 1950 General Election and was elected to the peerage in June, 1950.



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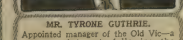
LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: MISS TRUMAN (CENTRE).
Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of the President of the United States, arrived on June 12 for her first visit to this country. She dined at Buckingham Palace on June 7, and that evening Mrs. Walter Gifford gave a ball in her honour at the U.S. Embassy which was attended by Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent.



MR. PHILIP F. JORDAN, C.B.E.
Died on June 6, aged forty-eight. He was intended for the Navy, but missed journalism and became a brilliant and distinguished war correspondent. He was First Secretary, British Embassy, Washington, 1946-47, and since then has been Public Relations Adviser to the Prime Minister. He wrote numerous novels under various pen-names.



MR. TYRONE GUTHRIE.
Appointed manager of the Old Vic—a new appointment—following the resignation of three assistant directors. Mr. Guthrie, playwright and producer, was born in Dublin, 1891. He was with the Wells organisation in 1933 as producer. He was named as assistant manager of the Old Vic in 1945, and his last Irish holding being Miss M. Heist in 1947.



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EXAMINING THE SPOT WHERE POLICE-CONSTABLE ALAN BAXTER WAS SHOT ON JUNE 4: POLICE OFFICERS AND TROOPS AT THE CHATHAM CORPORATION REFUSE DUMP AT SHARSTED.

A "SIDNEY STREET SIEGE" OF TO-DAY: THE END OF THE CHATHAM GUNMAN.



ARMED WITH PICK HELVES: NAVAL RATINGS SEARCHING A WOOD FOR THE MAN WHO FIRED A STEN GUN AT P.C. BAXTER, MORTALLY WOUNDING HIM.



AFTER A SIEGE BY POLICE AND TROOPS: THE HOUSE IN SYMONS AVENUE, WHERE THE GUNMAN WAS CORNERED, SHOWING A WINDOW BROKEN BY A TEAR-GAS GRENADE.



TAKING UP POSITIONS IN A FIELD TO COVER THE REAR OF THE HOUSE WHERE THE GUNMAN WAS CORNERED: ARMED POLICE OFFICERS AT THE SCENE OF THE "BATTLE."



HOLDING THE STEN GUN WHICH WAS FOUND BY THE BODY OF THE DEAD GUNMAN: A DETECTIVE LEAVING THE HOUSE AFTER THE TWO-HOUR SIEGE.



REMINISCENT OF THE SIDNEY STREET SIEGE OF 1911: ARMED POLICE COVERING THE EXITS FROM THE HOUSE IN SYMONS AVENUE ON JUNE 6.



THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE SIEGE: POLICE OFFICERS RUNNING FROM THE HOUSE AFTER THROWING TEAR-GAS GRENADES THROUGH A WINDOW.

On June 4 Police-Constable Alan Baxter, driver of a police car, was shot and mortally wounded by a man armed with a Sten gun when he was approaching a hut on a corporation refuse dump at Sharsted, near Chatham. He died in hospital on the following day while police, troops and naval ratings were combing the downs and woods in the vicinity for his assailant. Later the police announced that they wished to interview Derek Poole, aged twenty, of Symons Avenue, Chatham, an absentee from the Royal Corps of Signals and

an ex-Borstal boy. On June 6 Poole was located at his home in Symons Avenue, where he opened fire on the police. Then began a siege, with armed police and troops surrounding the house and covering the exits, with an occasional exchange of shots with the gunman—a scene reminiscent of the Sidney Street siege of 1911. After two hours police entered the house when tear-gas grenades had been flung through a window, and found the gunman dead, with two bullet wounds in the chest.

THE DIPLOMATS FOR WHOM THE POLICE OF WESTERN EUROPE SEARCHED.



THE HOME OF MR. D. D. MACLEAN, WHERE A TELEGRAM FROM PARIS WAS RECEIVED BY HIS WIFE: BEACON SHAW, TATSFIELD, NEAR WESTERHAM, SURREY.

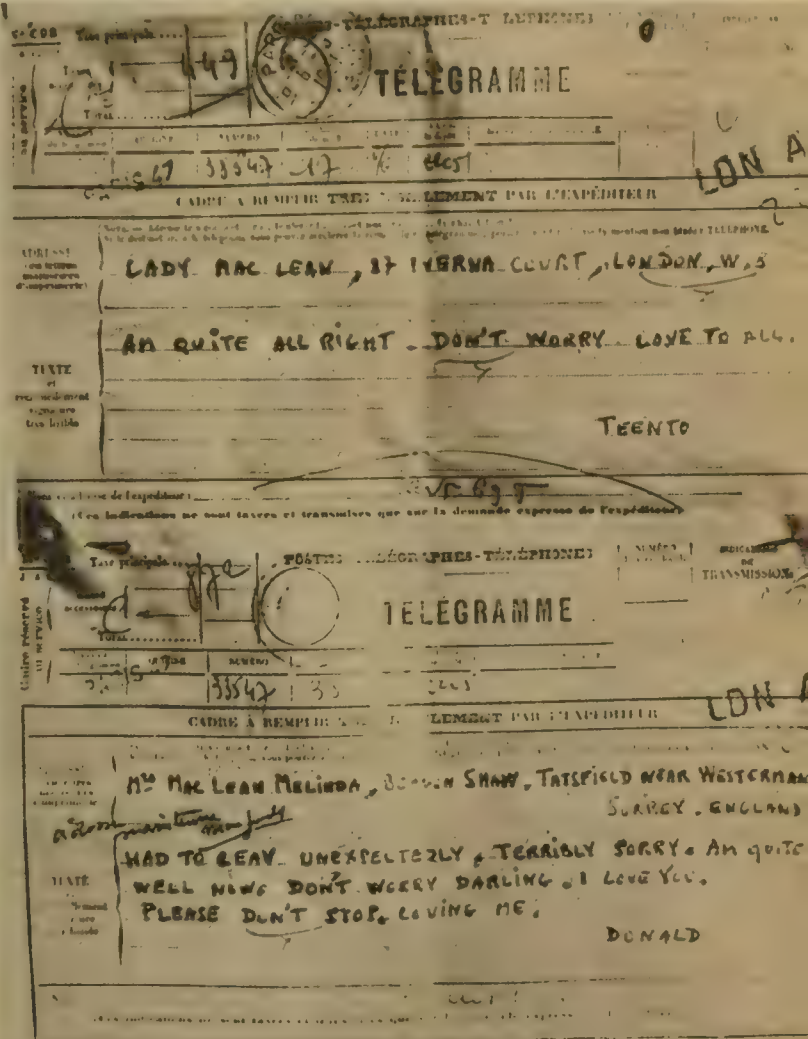


FORMERLY A SECOND SECRETARY IN THE EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON, AND, AT THE TIME OF HIS DISAPPEARANCE, IN THIS COUNTRY AWAITING RE-POSTING: MR. GUY FRANCIS DE MONCY BURGESS, A LIFELONG FRIEND OF MR. MACLEAN.



MR. D. D. MACLEAN, THEN FIRST SECRETARY (SEATED ON TABLE; RIGHT), TALKING TO SIR JOHN BALFOUR AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON IN 1947.

On June 7 the Foreign Office announced that Mr. Donald Duart Maclean, head of the American Department of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Guy Francis de Moncy Burgess, until recently a Second Secretary in the Embassy at Washington, had been missing from their homes since May 25 and that it was known that they had gone to France. The announcement stated that owing to their being absent without leave, both had been suspended, with effect from June 1. On June 7 telegrams purporting to be from Mr. Maclean were sent to his mother and his wife from Paris, and on the same day, a telegram was sent to Mr. Burgess's mother from Rome and it was believed that the messages had originated from the missing



THE TWO TELEGRAMS SENT FROM PARIS WHICH, ALTHOUGH NOT IN MR. MACLEAN'S HANDWRITING, EVIDENTLY ORIGINATED FROM HIM

men, although not in their handwriting. Inquiries were set on foot in Paris by the French security forces in co-operation with Scotland Yard and a search was made throughout Western Europe. Mr. Maclean and Mr. Burgess had been friends since they were undergraduates at Cambridge. Mr. Burgess was transferred to Washington as Second Secretary in 1950 and was on leave in this country pending re-posting. Mr. Maclean is the son of the late Sir Donald Maclean, Minister of Education in 1931. In 1944 he went to Washington and became Acting First Secretary, and in 1948 he was appointed Counsellor in Cairo. Last year he became head of the Foreign Office American Department.

WERE the situation in Persia less serious, less explosive, the element of the ludicrous which it embodies would be more prominent. Of States not contained within the Iron Curtain, the United Kingdom is to-day the foremost advocate of nationalisation. Persia is following an example set in Whitehall, and her action should on moral grounds commend itself to the British Government.

The embarrassment of dealing with nations which have not seen the light and which continue to cling to extreme and outmoded forms of capitalism has often been proclaimed. Simple and innocent on-lookers might have expected that the action of Persia in nationalising the oilfields would have been hailed with approval as evidence that she was now at long last setting her feet upon the right path. Surely, the political babe might have surmised, this action would be the herald of warmer and more friendly relations between the two countries. It is hardly conceivable that the Persian Government would have taken this step had not Britain led the way by nationalising her coal—the nearest equivalent to the Persian oil—as well as her transport, steel, and other industries. However, the babe would have been sharply disillusioned, as often happens to political babes in these hard days.

The verbal acrobatics which in the early stages of the discussion kept that originally blessed but for the time being suspect word "nationalisation," out of the forthright condemnation of the Persian action, were conducted with skill, though we feel a little ashamed of ourselves when we applaud them. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that a Persian firm had been the owner of a British coalfield, would the President of the United States have been called in to support Persian interests? It is as likely as that the British Prime Minister would have fainted in defending British action and have moved his bed into his room at the House, to sleep and eat his meals under the protection of a platoon of the Grenadier Guards. It may be answered that Britain now seems to have expressed her readiness to concede the principle of nationalisation and to begin negotiations from that point, but this is not because she likes it—I mean, of course, in Persia—but because she sees no alternative. As I write, I learn that the British tank-landing ship *Messina* is on her way to the Persian Gulf. It has also been stated that if the European staff of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company were to be notified that it was working for the Persian Government, work would cease to an extent which would put the whole industry out of action.

The plain truth is that Persia, while she has benefited on an enormous scale from the industry and skill of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, is jealous of the wealth which it is earning and desires to despoil it. The object is said to be the alleviation of misery among the poor, but it has not occurred to the Government to make a start in this laudable task by means of a more equitable system of taxation. Persia may offer compensation, but of her own free will she will not offer fair compensation, for the good reason that she is out for loot, which is more often in the minds of the advocates of nationalisation than they admit in public. Whatever may be the case here, the principle of nationalisation is a secondary factor in Persia. It is the money they want. The step has been taken because it promises financial advantages to Persia, and doubtless the largest to those who already possess the greater part of the country's wealth, and because in a sense nationalisation and nationalism go together, so that fervid popular support can be obtained for the measure. The timing is governed by the war in Korea and perhaps also by the situation in India, where the great Hindu and Mohammedan States are for the moment reduced to virtual impotence by their unhappy hostility to each other. Nationalisation stands for expropriation, a word already used by the Persian Government. Expropriation should be resisted by all possible means.

I once heard a distinguished soldier remark that he looked upon the vast resources of the Persian oilfields as essentially peacetime treasure. Obviously every effort would be made to preserve them in time of war, but there could be no guarantee that this would be possible. On both sides of the Caspian, Persia borders Republics of the Soviet Union. The Russians have occupied Northern Persia, both under the Tsars and the Communists. They are intimately acquainted with the country, and the problems of military movement in it. There is no doubt whatever that it is full of their agents. It must be acknowledged that it would be a most difficult task to arrest the progress of a large Russian army which set out with the object of obtaining possession of the principal oilfields, especially now that the great military Power of India is divided and dissipated by internal controversy. Reliance on a small land force, however powerful the air support, would not meet the case. It would require a mighty air force indeed to bring a Russian army in Persia to a halt. We are also too ready to think in terms of air superiority when there is no guarantee of attaining it. The Russian air forces are numerically stronger than those of the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

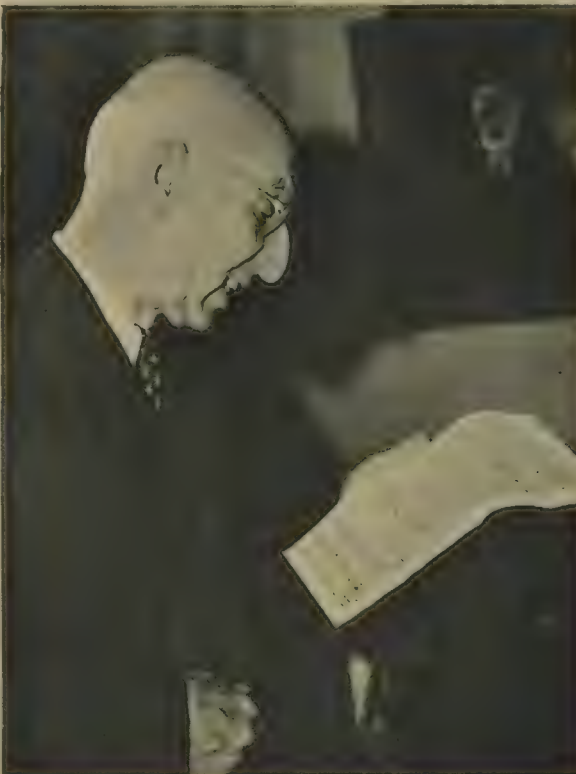
Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Western nations, and in the event of war Persia would not be the most vital theatre for the latter.

That Persia herself does not desire a Russian occupation and would seek to defend herself against it may be assumed. At the best, however, the part she could play in the defence of her territories and of the oilfields would be a minor one. One interpretation of Russian intentions has been that, if she should decide or has decided upon war in Europe, she would



CARRYING BANNERS BEARING ANTI-BRITISH AND ANTI-AMERICAN SLOGANS: WORKERS TAKING PART IN A DEMONSTRATION MARCH THROUGH THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF TEHERAN.



WEEPING AS HE ADDRESSED THE FOREIGN PRESS IN TEHERAN: DR. MOSSADEQ, PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA, WHO SOBBED AS HE DESCRIBED THE POVERTY IN THE PERSIAN VILLAGES AND SAID THAT THE POOR PEOPLE POSSESSED UNTOLD WEALTH WHICH WAS BEING EXPLOITED BY FOREIGNERS.

This week, in his article on this page, Captain Cyril Falls discusses the explosive Anglo-Iranian oil situation. He says: "The plain truth is that Persia, while she has benefited on an enormous scale from the industry and skill of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, is jealous of the wealth which it is earning and desires to despoil it." Summing up, Captain Falls says: "In a sense, this may be a phase of the cold war. Dr. Mossadeq is not a Communist, very much the reverse, but that would not necessarily prevent his people from being subtly influenced by propaganda from outside."

not undertake it without first appropriating not only the Persian but also the Iraqi oilfields, and at the very least ensuring that the Western nations were deprived of their products. For an outsider, like myself, this must belong to the realm of guesswork, but it is a possible sequence. In this event the problem

of Korea a year ago repeats itself. It is a problem of priorities. We may have been right or wrong to accept the challenge in Korea. What is most important is that, if a similar challenge should be issued over Persia, the United States and Britain should not again find themselves forced to make a hasty decision because they have not thought out their reaction in advance. There could be no excuse for a recurrence of this weakness.

These long-term considerations affect, but do not alter, the immediate problem which now confronts us in Persia. There rights which were fairly acquired, not, as has been alleged, under duress, are being threatened. The royalties received by Persia are already substantial, but royalties can be made the subject of negotiation. It is unnecessary to add that the presence of such an enormous industry in Persian territory adds vastly to the advantage which the country derives from royalties. At the time at which I am writing, while Dr. Mossadeq has been showing a certain measure of restraint, one of his Ministers has issued orders to a delegation to exercise authority in exploiting, producing and marketing the oil. It is true that we have been informed of a postponement of the departure of this delegation, which was to have left Teheran for Abadan on June 4. So far, so good; but it is perhaps significant that the original order and the announcement of the postponement were both issued by the Minister of Finance, whose attitude has been far more extreme than that of the Prime Minister. The latter has, in fact, been denounced by a number of firebrands of the National Party Front on the score of appeasement, though it certainly had not occurred to the British that such was his attitude.

It is almost forgotten that a very important piece of bargaining has been going on simultaneously in the neighbouring country of Iraq upon exactly the same subject. There also a revision of terms is being sought, but in a friendly manner. The demands of the Iraqi Government are said to be extravagant, but it can be taken for granted that in normal circumstances an agreement would eventually be reached and that the controversy would not disturb the friendly relations existing between the two countries. Yet what is now going on in Persia makes the circumstances far from normal. Supposing that Britain were to submit to a bad settlement in Persia, one which was manifestly unjust and extortionate, it is impossible to believe that the Iraqi Government, with the most honest intentions in the world, would be able to resist the pressure which would instantly be brought to bear upon it to demand a settlement on similar lines. Why should we, by behaving ourselves submissively and being generous to the foreigner at the expense of our poor, it would be asked, make a worse bargain with the exploiter of our resources than Persia has made? From the British point of view it would be unbecoming to make a harder bargain with friends than with those who have treated us badly, even if we could do it.

We have to be grateful for the good offices of the President of the United States. President Truman has intervened directly by sending a message to Dr. Mossadeq advocating a conciliatory policy. According to report, he has done far more than that, and has promised some immediate financial relief to Persia. The national treasury of that country is bare, and it may well be that this insolvency has been in great part brought on by the size of the force which it has been found necessary to maintain under arms owing to Russian pressure in the north-west. Persian penury is a prominent factor in the outrageous demands made by the Government, which is eager to lay its hands upon cash or credit at the earliest possible moment. The moral influence of the United States is also invaluable, and it is fair to say that it has been gained because it has gradually become apparent that the British case is a reasonable one and that all the talk about "imperialist grabbing" is beside the mark. Britain may have erred in her dealing with the principle of nationalisation, but, as I pointed out at the beginning of this article, that was not an easy matter for the Government.

In a sense, this may be a phase of the cold war. Dr. Mossadeq is not a Communist, very much the reverse, but that would not necessarily prevent his people from being subtly influenced by propaganda from outside. It is also an example of the anti-European nationalism which has spread over Asia since the Second World War. It is possible that the European case in confronting this new spirit is not always a strong one, but that cannot be said in the present instance. And even if in this country we choose to run some branches of the nationalised industries with boards which know nothing about them, that is to be regarded as our own private lunacy, which hurts nobody but ourselves. It is good to see that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs appears to be taking the line that the follies which he has perforce to smile upon at home are about the only things which are not for export.



THE ORIGINAL HOME OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," TO THE SITE OF WHICH WE ARE NOW RETURNING : 198, STRAND, IN THE YEAR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION. A RECONSTRUCTION FROM A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING.

To-day, June 16, 1951, marks an important occasion in the 109 years' history of *The Illustrated London News*, for it is the day on which we are moving, together with the other five papers of Illustrated Newspapers, back to the original site of our first office at 198, Strand, where illustrated journalism first saw the light of day. On this page we reproduce an Artist's impression, reconstructed from a contemporary drawing, of 198, Strand, in 1851, the year

of the Great Exhibition, when *The Illustrated London News*, despite its tender age, had just produced a double number in three languages which achieved a phenomenal success. The Strand has been widened since the days when Disraeli called it "the finest thoroughfare in Europe," and many of its historical associations have been forgotten in the process. By the return of *The Illustrated London News* to the old site, a link with the past is restored.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



FORGING NEW LINKS WITH THE PAST: INGRAM HOUSE AT 198, STRAND, THE NEW HOME OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, ON THE SITE OF THE BUILDING IN WHICH ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM WAS BORN.

Ingram House, at 198, Strand, the magnificent new home of Illustrated Newspapers, into which we move this week-end, stands on the site of the building in which Herbert Ingram founded the first illustrated newspaper, *The Illustrated London News*, in 1842. It is situated practically on the border of the City and the West End, at the corner of the Strand and Milford Lane, and faces

St. Clement Danes Church. It was built for the United Kingdom Provident Institution to the design of Mr. Henry T. Hare, F.R.I.B.A., and was opened in July, 1907, by Lord Oxford and Asquith (then the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., and Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time). The building suffered from enemy action during World War II, and was bought freehold by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

in 1945. It has now been extensively restored, in readiness for its new occupants. Since 1905, when the premises at 198, Strand were given up, *The Illustrated London News* has been edited from various other offices, although the Printing Works—almost adjoining Ingram House—have always occupied the site on which they were originally installed. In 1936 Illustrated Newspapers moved

from Inveresk House, Strand, to 32-34, St. Bride Street, and to Commonwealth House, New Oxford Street, in February, 1941, after the St. Bride Street premises had been blitzed. Now at last we return to a permanent home in a building more suited to be the centre of the editorial, managerial, financial, printing and publishing activities of *The Illustrated London News* and its associated papers.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: WINNERS AND COMPETITORS, GREAT AND SMALL.



JACQUELINE HUNT—AGED ONE YEAR AND TEN MONTHS—ON FRISKY: A COMPETITOR IN THE CLASS FOR CHILDREN'S PONIES ON A LEADING REIN.



A MASSIVE COMPETITOR: PRINCE, A SUFFOLK WHICH WEIGHS 1 TON 2 CWT. THE HORSES IN THE HEAVY COMMERCIAL TURN-OUTS WERE OUTSTANDING.



RECEIVING THE QUEEN MARY CHALLENGE CUP FROM PRINCESS ALICE: MISS DAVINA LEE-SMITH ON MR. DEPTFORD'S BEAUTIFUL PONY PRETTY POLLY.



RECEIVING THE ROYAL STAR CHALLENGE BOWL FOR CHILDREN'S PONIES FROM THE HON. MRS. DRISCOLL: MISS SCARLETT RIMMEL ON PETER PAN.

THE Richmond Royal Horse Show is invariably a brilliant and highly enjoyable function. This year the number of entries was large and the quality of the animals exhibited, including light hunters, children's ponies, harness horses and draught and commercial animals, and polo ponies, was consistently high. The standard of riding among children is now remarkably good, and the young competitors invariably rouse much interest and admiration. Mr. Deptford's beautiful pony *Pretty Polly*—an outstanding animal even in such high and well-bred

[Continued below.]



WINNER OF THE CLASS FOR CHILDREN'S PONIES ON A LEADING REIN: THREE-YEAR-OLD MISS JANE BULLEN ON LIEUT.-COLONEL BULLEN'S NEW MOON.



WINNERS OF THE CHALLENGE CUP FOR HEAVY DRAUGHT AND CART HORSES: MESSRS. YOUNG AND COMPANY'S TEAM OF FOUR BLACK GELDINGS.

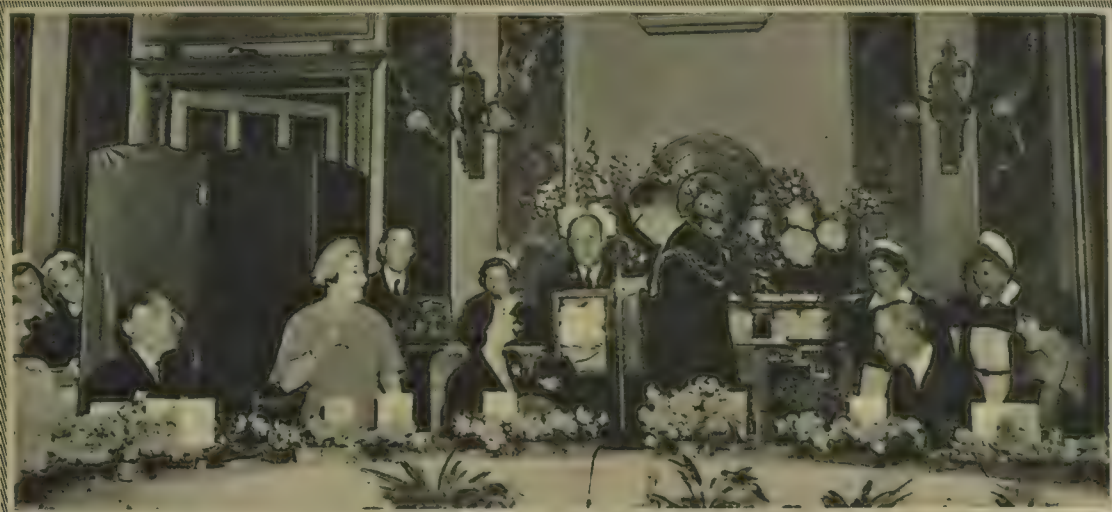
[Continued.] company—was awarded the Queen Mary Champion Challenge Cup for children's ponies. One competitor, in the class for Children's Ponies on Leading Rein, tiny Jacqueline Hunt, aged two months under two years, is believed to be the youngest entrant in any horse show. Princess Alice



WINNER OF THE FURNIVALL'S CHAMPION CHALLENGE CUP FOR CHILDREN FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: TONY OF NAIRDWOOD (DAVID WAY UP).

Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone were present on the Thursday and Friday, the Lord Mayor paid his traditional visit on the Friday. *Tony of Nairdwood* won the Furnivall's Champion Challenge Cup from the larger ponies for the second year in succession, jumping more than his own height in the process.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTER AND AT BIRMINGHAM: EVENTS OF THE ROYAL TOUR.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN BIRMINGHAM: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE CIVIC LUNCHEON EXAMINING A MINIATURE WARDROBE OF CLOTHES PRESENTED BY THE LADY MAYORESS AS THE CITY'S GIFT TO PRINCESS ANNE.



AFTER STARTING A VETERAN MOTOR-CAR RACE FROM BIRMINGHAM TO COVENTRY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WATCHING THE COMPETITORS IN A FESTIVAL RALLY.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA NEWLY-CAST IN BRONZE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN VICTORIA SQUARE, BIRMINGHAM, BEFORE ENTERING THE COUNCIL HOUSE.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN WORCESTER: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS BEING SHOWN MODELS OF HERSELF AT THE WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN COMPANY'S FACTORY.



AT THE HARPER ADAMS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT EDMOND: PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTING LIVESTOCK DURING HER VISIT TO SHROPSHIRE ON JUNE 8.



PLANTING A TREE TO COMMEMORATE HER VISIT: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE HARPER ADAMS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, WHERE SHE OPENED THE NEW STUDENTS' QUARTERS.

On June 8 H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth flew from London Airport to High Ercall, Shropshire, on a two-day visit to Shropshire and Worcestershire and surrounding districts. From the airfield Princess Elizabeth drove to the Harper Adams Agricultural College at Edmond and later visited Newport and Lilleshall. At Worcester her Royal Highness visited the works of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, Ltd., where she officially reopened the

Perrins Museum. On June 9 her Royal Highness visited Birmingham, where she started 100 veteran motor-cars off on a journey to Coventry and later unveiled a statue of Queen Victoria, before lunching at the Council House, when the Lady Mayoress presented a doll and a miniature wardrobe of clothes as the city's gift to Princess Anne. The afternoon was spent at Villa Park, where athletic displays were given.

"PAINTING IS A PLEASURE": AN EXHIBITION BY DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.



"BANANA BOATS, JAMAICA"; BY NOËL COWARD, THE PLAYWRIGHT, ACTOR AND COMPOSER, WHO FINDS THAT HIS HOBBY IS "BOTH EXCITING AND RELAXING."



"VIEW FROM THE VILLA MALBOSC, GRASSE"; BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WHO STUDIED IN PARIS. HER FATHER, PRINCE NICHOLAS, PAINTED AS "NICHOLAS LEPRINCE."



"ROSES IN A CRYSTAL VASE"; BY LADY BIRLEY, WIFE OF SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, THE PORTRAIT PAINTER. SHE WAS INSPIRED BY WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BOOK.



"FISHING BOATS"; BY DAVID NIVEN. THE ACTOR STATES THAT HE TOOK UP PAINTING FIVE MONTHS AGO "IN SELF-DEFENCE—HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN PAINT."



"SPRING FLOWERS"; BY EDWARD G. ROBINSON, THE ACTOR. HE CONSIDERS THAT PAINTING IS A FORM OF SELF-EXPRESSION... RELATIVELY LIMITLESS.



"LA FERME DE LA DAME D'ESPÉRANCE, GRASSE"; BY H. ELLIOTT BLAKE, F.R.C.S. DRAWING AND PAINTING HAVE BEEN A HELP TO HIM IN PLASTIC SURGERY.



"STILL LIFE"; BY LORD BROOKE, SON OF THE EARL OF WARWICK. AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN HE WON THE ETON PRIZE WITH THIS PAINTING.

"Painting is a Pleasure" is the title of an unusual exhibition which opened recently at the Trafford Gallery, Mount Street, and will continue until June 27. The names of the exhibitors are all well known to the general public, but not as artists. They paint and draw in hours snatched from otherwise busy lives; for painting is their pleasure, not their profession, and many of them exercise

it with considerable skill. All the works on view are for sale (with the exception of the Royal loans—landscapes by the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent—and of Barclay Baron's exhibit) and will come under the hammer at Christie's on July 6 for the benefit of Toc H. At the end of the catalogue the "artistic history" of each exhibitor is given.

BRITAIN AND EUROPE: ITEMS SOCIAL, PARLIAMENTARY, MUSICAL AND MARINE.



THE GREAT FINNISH COMPOSER, JEAN SIBELIUS (CENTRE), IN HIS EIGHTY-SIXTH YEAR, PHOTOGRAPHED IN HIS HOME, AT THE OPENING OF "SIBELIUS WEEK" IN FINLAND. Recent photographs of the great composer, Jean Sibelius, are rare, and it has been said that he now allows only one each year. The one above was taken during the visit of a delegation from Helsinki on the occasion of a Finnish "Sibelius Week." Sibelius was born on December 8, 1865.



MRS. HECTOR MCNEIL, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND, LAUNCHES THE *BRITISH REALM*, A 28,000-TON TANKER. (CENTRE) SIR JAMES LITHGOW.

On June 7, Mrs. Hector McNeil, the wife of the Secretary of State for Scotland, launched at Govan the 28,000-ton tanker *British Realm*. This ship, which will be one of the largest tankers afloat, has been built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company for the British Tanker Company.



EX-KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA AND PRINCESS ANNE, AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCE MICHAEL OF BOURBON-PARMA. Many Royal houses of Europe were represented at the wedding in Paris on June 9 of Prince Michael of Bourbon-Parma and Princess Yolande de Broglie. The bridegroom is brother of Princess Anne, the wife of ex-King Michael of Rumania. The wedding took place in the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot.



INDOMITABLE AFTER A 22-HOURS SITTING: MR. CHURCHILL GIVES THE V-SIGN ON LEAVING THE COMMONS.

At 12.33 p.m. on June 8, the House of Commons rose after sitting for 22 hrs. 3 mins.—nearly all of which time had been spent on debating the Finance Bill in Committee. The sitting thus went beyond the time for Friday's hour of meeting and the Friday sitting was automatically cancelled.



IN MILITARY UNIFORM: PRINCE MICHAEL OF BOURBON-PARMA WITH HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS YOLANDE DE BROGLIE. On June 9, Prince Michael of Bourbon-Parma, wearing the uniform of a French lieutenant, with the parachutist's red beret, married Princess Yolande de Broglie. The wedding was a great social occasion, attended by many representatives of Royal families. It was broadcast by Radio Luxembourg.



AS THE QUEEN SHAKES HANDS WITH MRS. BRADLEY, GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY (CENTRE) AND LADY ASTOR (RIGHT) LOOK ON DURING THE VICTORIA LEAGUE GARDEN-PARTY. On the afternoon of June 9, her Majesty the Queen, attended by the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland, was present at a garden-party given at Cliveden by the Viscount and the Viscountess Astor and the Victoria League. This party marked the Golden Jubilee of the Victoria League. Among the



HER MAJESTY CHATTING WITH (LEFT) MISS MARGARET TRUMAN, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT TRUMAN. (RIGHT) MR. WALTER GIFFORD, U.S. AMBASSADOR, AND (CENTRE) MRS. GIFFORD. distinguished American guests were Miss Margaret Truman, the President's daughter, visiting England, the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Gifford and General Omar Bradley and Mrs. Bradley. General Bradley left by air for Washington on June 10.

SOME CURRENT NEWS ITEMS: BRITISH PLASTICS, A NELSON RELIC STOLEN, AND EVENTS ABROAD.



A RARE EVENT AT THE COPENHAGEN ZOO: THE TAPIR CUB BORN ALIVE ON JUNE 2, WITH ITS MOTHER. TAPIR CUBS ARE USUALLY STILL-BORN IN CAPTIVITY AND THE ZOO HAD PREVIOUSLY HAD TWO FAILURES, IN 1907 AND 1922, WHEN THE CUBS WERE STILL-BORN.



THE DIAMOND-STUDDED CHELENGK, OR "TRIUMPH": THE FAMOUS NELSON RELIC WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM EARLY ON JUNE 11.

Early in the morning of June 11 raiders broke into the National Maritime Museum and, smashing a showcase, took a diamond-studded trophy, which was given to Nelson by the Sultan of Turkey in commemoration of the Battle of the Nile. The trophy, which is a priceless relic, is said to have a break-up value of about £2000.



AT THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PLASTIC EXHIBITION: SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS TRIES A PLASTIC UKULELE.



IN THE SECTION DEVOTED TO MANUFACTURED ARTICLES: SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS EXAMINING A PLASTIC DINGHY.



THE INCREASING SCOPE FOR PLASTICS IN THE BRITISH HOME: AN EXHIBIT OF AN ALL-PLASTIC KITCHEN AT THE BRITISH PLASTICS EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

When opening the British Plastics Exhibition at Olympia (June 6-16), Sir Hartley Shawcross, President of the Board of Trade, praised the industry's excellent export record and promised that it would be set "a pretty stiff target" when talks were begun with all industries on the level of exports. A convention concerned with technical developments in the industry has been held during the exhibition. Nearly 100 firms have been exhibiting in three main sections devoted to plastic materials.



AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH NEITHER DRIVER WAS HURT: A COLLISION DURING A STOCK CAR RACE AT HALES CORNERS, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.



CLEARING THE WAY FOR AN AIRFIELD FOR JET AIRCRAFT: A 175-FT.-HIGH CONCRETE HANGAR DOOR BEING BLOWN UP WITH DYNAMITE IN THE U.S.

The giant concrete door, weighing 750 tons, on a wooden hangar used for U.S. Navy blimps at South Weymouth, Massachusetts, was blown off on June 6 with the aid of 525 lb. of dynamite. The hangar, built in 1942, is being removed to make room for an airfield runway.

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS: MILITARY AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



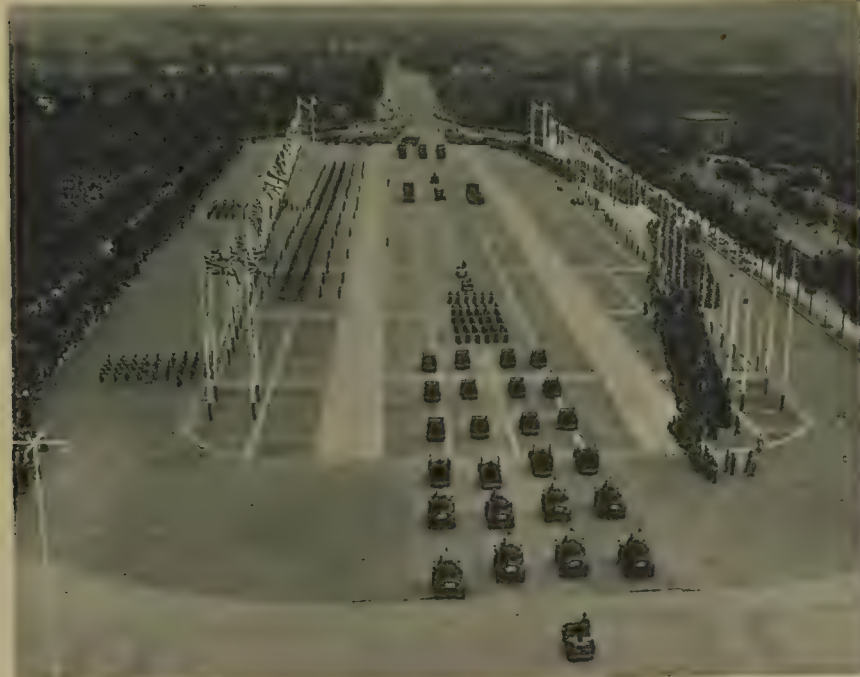
TO COMMEMORATE THE 250TH BIRTHDAY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL: A REPLICA OF H.M.S. CENTURION, WHICH CARRIED THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO EVANGELISE THE AMERICAN COLONIES. THE REPLICA IS BUILT ON THE HULL OF A WARTIME MOTOR FISHING VESSEL, AND HER MASTS ARE HINGED TO PASS UNDER THAMES BRIDGES.



WAGES DROPPING FROM THE SKIES: BAGS OF MONEY BEING DELIVERED BY A TINY AUSTER AIRCRAFT (LEFT)

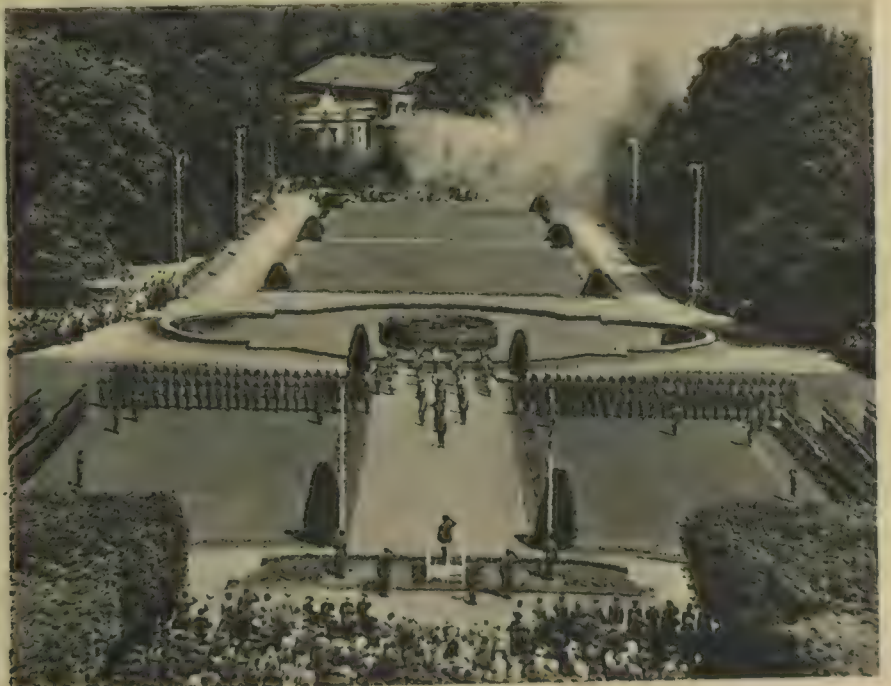
TO AN ISOLATED RUBBER ESTATE IN MALAYA ON PAY-DAY.

A highly unusual method of delivering the money required for salaries on a rubber estate in Malaya is illustrated by our photograph. Every week tiny Auster aircraft leave Kuala Lumpur airport to drop bags of cash on isolated rubber estates in parts of the country where it would be too dangerous to transport the money by road. Since the disorders started in Malaya three years ago, some £10,000,000 has been dropped on rubber estates and tin mines.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE IN BERLIN: PART OF THE PARADE OF THE BRITISH GARRISON IN THE HUGE OLYMPIC STADIUM INSIDE THE BRITISH SECTOR.

The King's Birthday, June 7, was marked by British military parades throughout the British Zone of Germany. Above and on the right we give photographs of two of the largest: that at Berlin, in which 3000 troops of the British garrison took part; and that at Bad Oeynhausen, the headquarters of the Rhine Army, which took place in the Kurpark, Major-General J. D. Shapland taking the salute. In this last, some 1000 troops took part.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE AT BAD OEYNHAUSEN, THE RHINE ARMY HEADQUARTERS. SMOKE DRIFTS FROM THE SALUTE FIRED BY R.A., WHILE ROYAL HAMPSHIRE FIRE A FEU-DE-JOIE.



THE RUINS OF BERLIN'S MODERN PERGAMON MUSEUM, NOW DERELICT. IT STANDS IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR OF BERLIN, AND ITS TREASURES ARE BELIEVED TO BE IN RUSSIA.

This once magnificent modern museum was built specially to house as its principal treasure the famous Frieze of the Great Altar of the Acropolis of Pergamon, a superb group of Greek sculpture of the second century B.C., showing the contest of gods and giants, and rivalling in interest the British Museum's Elgin Marbles.



GREECE WELCOMES THE FIRST WOUNDED GREEK SOLDIERS TO RETURN HOME FROM THE KOREAN BATTLEFIELDS: THE PROCESSION OF AMBULANCES ON THE ROAD FROM THE PIRÆUS.

One hundred and thirty demobilised and fifty wounded Greek soldiers were given an enthusiastic welcome home when they arrived at the Piræus in the U.S. troop-carrier *General McCrea*, and proceeded by road to Athens. The previous port of call had been Istanbul, where a party of Turkish wounded were disembarked.

FINE EXHIBITS AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF GREEK CERAMIC ART: A BLACK FIGURE HYDRIA, BEARING THE REPRESENTATION OF THE DEPARTURE OF A WARRIOR, SIXTH CENTURY B.C. (Spink.)



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE SOAPSTONE GROUP OF A GODDESS SEATED ON A WALKING BUDDHIST LION, THE FIGURE CREAM-COLOUR, THE LION REDDISH BROWN. Height 14 ins. (Spink.)



BELIEVED TO REPRESENT AN IMPORTANT MILITARY FIGURE, POSSIBLY A GENERAL: AN EARLY CHINESE IRON HEAD, PROBABLY SUNG (960-1279 A.D.) (John Sparks.)



CHINESE CERAMIC ART, CH'EN LUNG PERIOD (A.D. 1736-95): A PORCELAIN TABLE SCREEN, WHITE ON A LIGHT-BLUE GROUND, ON A CARVED WOOD SCREEN. (Bluet.)



INCLUDING THE CENTREPIECE: PART OF THE REGAL SILVER-GILT BELMORE TABLE EQUIPAGE BY PAUL STORR, LONDON, 1810. (Hennell.)

CLASSIC, CHINESE AND ENGLISH WORKS OF ART.



WITH A SIXPENNY-PIECE BESIDE IT TO INDICATE THE SIZE: A SILVER MUSTARD-POT, LONDON, 1794, BY J. WALKELIN AND ROBERT GARRARD. Weight 11 oz. 2 dwt. (How of Edinburgh.)



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY NURSERY FURNITURE: A CHILD'S WALNUT HIGH CHAIR, WITH CANE BACK AND SEAT AND A HIGH TABLE. WILLIAM AND MARY PERIOD. (Wolsey.)

THE Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition is an annual London event which invariably rouses great interest. This Festival of Britain year sees the eleventh of these remarkable displays of works of art and productions of skilled craftsmen of the past in the splendid setting of the Great Hall, Grosvenor House. As is always the case with the Fair, every exhibit has been passed by a panel of experts as an authentic antique of the period to which it is attributed, and is guaranteed to have been made before the year 1830. All the objects displayed—with the exception of the loans by members of the Royal family—are for sale. The Fair is under the patronage of Queen Mary, and when Princess Elizabeth opened it on June 6, she referred in graceful terms to her Royal grandmother's love and understanding of antiques and pointed out that her Majesty's influence has certainly had a great effect on the appreciation of the fine arts in this country. On this and the facing page we reproduce one of the Royal loans, and outstanding objects on view. There are ninety-eight stands on the ground floor and in the gallery, and although a number of rare, highly-priced pieces are on view, there are also many moderately-priced articles.



A SET OF THREE RARE ANTIQUE CHELSEA CHINA "PARFUM POTS" AND COVERS, IN AN ELABORATE FLORAL DESIGN, ORIGINALLY IN THE COLLECTION OF LORD METHUEN, CORSHAM COURT, WILTSHIRE. (Woollett.)

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR, A SELECTION OF EXHIBITS, AND A LOAN BY THE QUEEN.



EXAMINING SOME OF THE SILVER ON VIEW AT ONE OF THE STALLS: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH AFTER OPENING THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR ON JUNE 6.



THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE IN DIAMONDS: THE JEWEL IS A MASS OF DIAMONDS, WITH A CROWN AT THE TOP AND THE FLEECE IN YELLOW DIAMONDS.
(S. and J. Phillips.)



A JAMES I. SILVER BEAKER, LONDON MADE, AND ENGRAVED MYCHAELL HAMPE 1608. HAMPE (OR HEMPE) WAS A SOMERSETSHIRE HAMLET. (Bruford.)



THE MASTER'S CHAIR OF THE CAULIFLOWER CLUB (A SOCIETY OF LONDON TRADESMEN) WITH A FOOTSTOOL HINGED TO A STRETCHER. (Gloria Antica.)



ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A FINE OAK CHEST BEARING THE DATE 1659. ABOVE THE PANELS ARE THE WORDS "WATCH AND PRAY," AND BELOW, "LIVE WEL AND DIE WEL."
(Wolsey.)



GRACIOUSLY LENT FOR EXHIBITION BY H.M. THE QUEEN: A MANTEL CLOCK BY BENJAMIN VULLIAMY, LONDON. IT WAS FORMERLY IN THE RED DRAWING-ROOM AT BRIGHTON PAVILION.



MEMORIAL WORK-BOX TO PRINCESS CHARLOTTE (D. 1817). INSIDE ARE PICTURES OF THE PRINCESS AND HER HUSBAND PRINCE LEOPOLD. (Canterburys.)

THE total value of articles displayed during the run of the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition at Grosvenor House, which began on June 6 and will continue until June 21, has been estimated at some £4,000,000. The objects on view include gold, silver, jewels, porcelains, glass, pewter, prints, paintings, books, furniture, carpets, tapestries, clocks, curiosities and antiquities of every description, and the stands are arranged with remarkable ingenuity and decorative skill. The objects illustrated on this and the facing page include the centre-piece and other pieces from the regal dinner equipment in silver gilt which belonged to



A BUST OF NEPTUNE MADE BY A STAFFORDSHIRE POTTER: THE HEAD-DRESS AND FISH-SKIN CLOAK ARE CARRIED OUT IN BRILLIANT PURPLE LUSTRE PRODUCED FROM OXIDE OF GOLD. (Tilley.)

the second Earl of Belmore, who bought it in Ludgate Hill c. 1810 when he was appointed Governor of Jamaica. The Charles II. Oak Chest, which has been purchased by the Victoria and Albert Museum, is of outstanding importance. Its three carved panels bear representations of a cavalier on horseback, possibly Charles II., the rape of Ganymede by Zeus in the form of an eagle and a bird among flowers. The words "Watch and Pray" are engraved above. The silver on view is exceptionally fine. The mustard pot by J. Walkelin and Robert Garrard (1794), which we illustrate, weighs 11 oz. 2 dwts.



I BELIEVE that there are still many people who find an exhibition of Old Master drawings not much more than a collection of scraps and jottings. I have heard the argument that they don't want to read the notes and erasures and second thoughts which presumably went to the making of, say, "Vanity Fair." They want to read "Vanity Fair" in its final form, which was, in fact, the form in which Thackeray decided it should be presented to the world. In the same way—so the argument runs—we don't want to look at the various drawings made by a painter as preliminary studies for his finished work—they are of consequence only to him. This line of thought is not without logic, but I suggest the analogy is false—a work of literature is on one plane of consciousness, a visual image is on another.

Many drawings are, it is true, preliminary

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. OLD MASTER DRAWINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

great man (for example, Rembrandt), sometimes a little one, thinking aloud, and placing delicate marks on paper. The fact that we believe this helps us to understand him when he is more deliberate is beside the point—a fine draughtsman is a delight whatever his ultimate intention.

Perhaps I can best illustrate this innocent and admittedly rather naive doctrine by a reference to a little landscape in the current exhibition at Colnaghi's "Old Master Drawings" (which will continue till June 20)—a water-colour only 2½ ins. by 6½ ins., a mere scrap (Fig. 1). Several names have been suggested

hard-working painter who had the sense to marry the sister of Bayeu, painter to the Spanish Court, and thus acquired official standing in his profession. Certainly he lived hard, and his portraits—notably a brilliant, devastating portrait of Queen Maria Luisa—show that he had no illusions about humanity. Indeed, the only kind thing as far as I know that has ever been said about the Spanish Court at the end of the eighteenth century is that it employed this genius to strip bare its soul. After the Peninsular War he was accused of collaboration with the French

and found it wise to move across the border. He settled in Bordeaux and died there in 1828, aged eighty-two, painting to the last. This miracle of a drawing in brush and sepia is thought to belong to a series carried out in the same medium about the year 1819.

The third illustration finds a place on this page for quite other qualities—its sprawling, nervous lively jollity (yes, I think that is the right word). It is amusing to trace the development of flower-painting

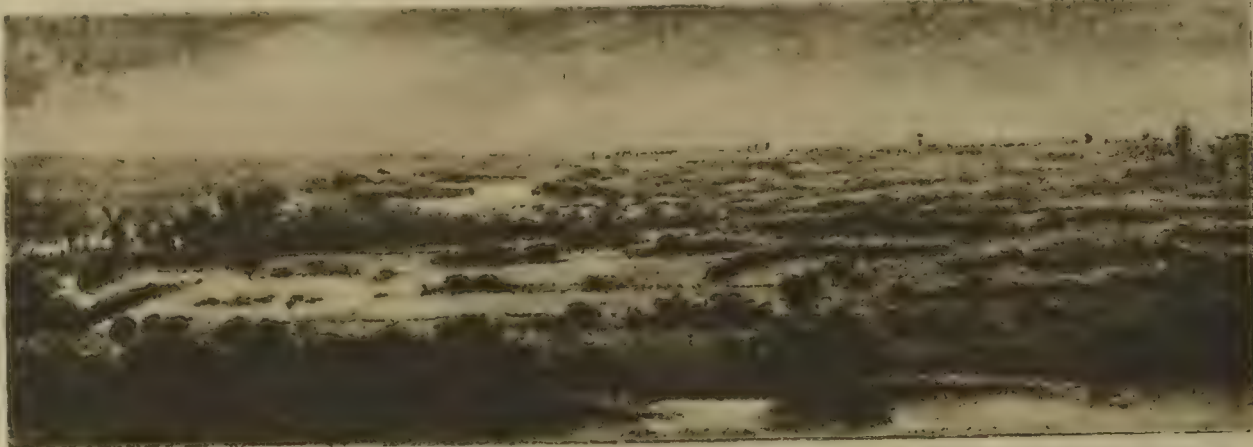


FIG. 1. "A DISTANT VIEW OVER FLAT COUNTRY IN HOLLAND": BY HERCULES SEGHERS (c. 1590-1640). (Water-colour. Facsimile size.) This drawing, in common with the others reproduced on this page, is on view at the Exhibition of Old Master Drawings at Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries, which Frank Davis describes in his article. It was formerly attributed to Jan Ruisscher and then to Philips Koninck.

at one time or another for its author—at the moment, I don't want to bother about that, because the game of attributions is of absorbing interest to only a few. The real pleasure from such trifles comes not from who did it but what is its quality—and this deliciously subtle landscape, with its vast panorama and luminous stretches of meandering waterways, is very much out of the ordinary. Not everyone's taste, I suppose, because it is so quiet—a little haunting tune on muted strings, but play it over two or three times—that is, look at it patiently and don't hurry on round the gallery—and you begin to realise that within this small rectangle is enclosed the wide world and its glory. When that has been absorbed you can, if you wish, begin to think around the names of possible painters, and that would require a longish exposition beyond the scope of this note.

However, names are something. Let it suffice that the most recent suggestion for a drawing which has been long recognised as exceptional is that it comes from the hand of Hercules Seghers (c. 1590-c. 1640), whose rare paintings—all rather sombre landscapes—used to be ascribed to Rembrandt but within the last generation have been clearly identified. The subject—flat, watery lowlands viewed from a height—was a favourite one with Philips Koninck, and this drawing was once attributed to him (there is a fine large landscape by Koninck of this sort in the National Gallery), but no one seems quite happy about that, and certain characteristics of style—e.g., the treatment of the bushes and trees—seem to point to known paintings and etchings by Seghers, who remains, in any case, a rather mysterious personality.

There is no query about either the author or his place in the world in the case of Fig. 2, which I fell in love with next—partly, I think, because it provided so striking a contrast to the Seghers, and partly because I had just been reading a description of an exhibition of paintings by Francisco Goya now to be seen at Bordeaux. The man is a legend, violent, capricious, self-tormenting. One version of his life presents him as a sort of François Villon of painting, roaming the streets of Saragossa and Rome, mixed up in every kind of disreputable brawl. The other discounts all this as mere romance and suggests that he was, in fact, a

through the centuries—the discreet little vases of flowers which sometimes decorate with charming decorum a saintly scene, the tight arrangement of flowers in a picture by a seventeenth-century Fleming, down to the sensitive glowing pink and golden glory of a Renoir bowl of roses. Here is an experiment by the great Jan Van Huysum (1682-1749), whose flower pieces in oils are among the most decorative achievements of his generation. There are, of course, many other notable things in this varied exhibition—several, indeed, of much greater consequence than these three, but I don't want to frighten diffident beginners by talking about Filippino Lippi or Piero Di Cosimo. Nevertheless, a silverpoint "Head of the Virgin" ascribed to the latter has a haunting beauty which is unforgettable—that alone makes a visit worth while.



FIG. 3. "A FLOWER PIECE": BY JAN VAN HUYSUM (1682-1749). (Red and black chalk, pen and black ink and wash. 15½ by 11½ ins.) Frank Davis refers to this drawing by the most famous of all the company of great Dutch flower-painters as possessing a "sprawling, nervous lively jollity."

FIG. 2. "CAIN KILLING ABEL" (?): BY FRANCISCO GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828). (Brush and sepia. 8½ by 5½ ins.)

This drawing is numbered at the top 51 (?), with the point of the brush in the artist's hand, and 14 with the pen in a later hand. In style and dimensions it accords closely with the so-called "Sepia-wash series" by Goya.

exercises for something else. But many also were executed as finished works, and exist, as it were, in their own right. We can no more ignore them than we can ignore St. Paul's Cathedral. If, then, you suffer from an inhibition against watching a fine artist experimenting with various ideas and disciplining himself before he embarks upon a major conception in a less fragile medium, you cannot in the same breath refuse to look at him when he is drawing something which he intends shall be regarded as an end in itself and not as a means. I am among those who don't care what the purpose is—end or means is all one to us. What fascinates us is the spectacle of sometimes a



ULSTER'S FESTIVAL: THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION AT CASTLEREAGH. AFTER THE FESTIVAL IT WILL BECOME A MODERN FACTORY.

ULSTER'S FESTIVAL, AND ITS CONTRASTED FARMS OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.



PART OF THE ULSTER FARM OF TO-MORROW: WITH SILO AND HAYSHEDS IN REAR AND MODERN INSTRUMENT SHED, RIGHT CENTRE. LEFT, OLD FARMING IMPLEMENTS.



THE ULSTER FARM KITCHEN OF 100 YEARS AGO: A FAITHFUL RECONSTRUCTION IN THE EXHIBITION. ALL THE FURNISHINGS ARE GENUINE AND SPECIALLY COLLECTED.



THE ULSTER FARM KITCHEN OF THE NEAR FUTURE: THIS MAGNIFICENT LIVING-ROOM IS INCORPORATED IN THE HOUSE (BELOW) OF THE WORKING "FARM OF THE FUTURE."



THE ULSTER FARMSTEAD OF 100 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION OF A TYPICAL IRISH FARM OF 1851, FURNISHED, AND WITH CONTEMPORARY IMPLEMENTS DISPLAYED.



THE ULSTER FARMHOUSE OF THE FUTURE: A BUILDING WHICH CONVERTS THE FARMER'S LIVING-ROOM INTO A CONNING-TOWER FROM WHICH HE CAN WATCH ALL OPERATIONS.

In our last issue we reported the visit of the Queen and Princess Margaret to Northern Ireland and the Queen's opening of the Exhibition of Farm and Factory, which is Ulster's principal contribution to the Festival of Britain. This exhibition is one of the greatest interest to a very wide public, and it has been contrived with great ingenuity, the co-ordinating designer being Mr. W. M. de Majo. The factory side of it is contained in a permanent modern building which, following the close of the Festival, will become a modern factory itself under the Northern Ireland Government's development

scheme. But agriculture is Ulster's largest industry, employing a fourth of its population; and agriculture gives the dominant interest to this Exhibition. An Ulster farmstead of 1851 has been reconstructed, furnished with genuine pieces and tools of the period, and set beside, and in amazing contrast to, the Ulster "Farm of the Future," a 40-acre working farm, with a Grade-A herd and incorporating every modern convenience in a way which would seem revolutionary if it were not so obviously right. An ingenious innovation is the setting of all the living accommodation on the first floor of the farmhouse.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WONDER DOG OF THE ARCTIC: THE HUSKY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

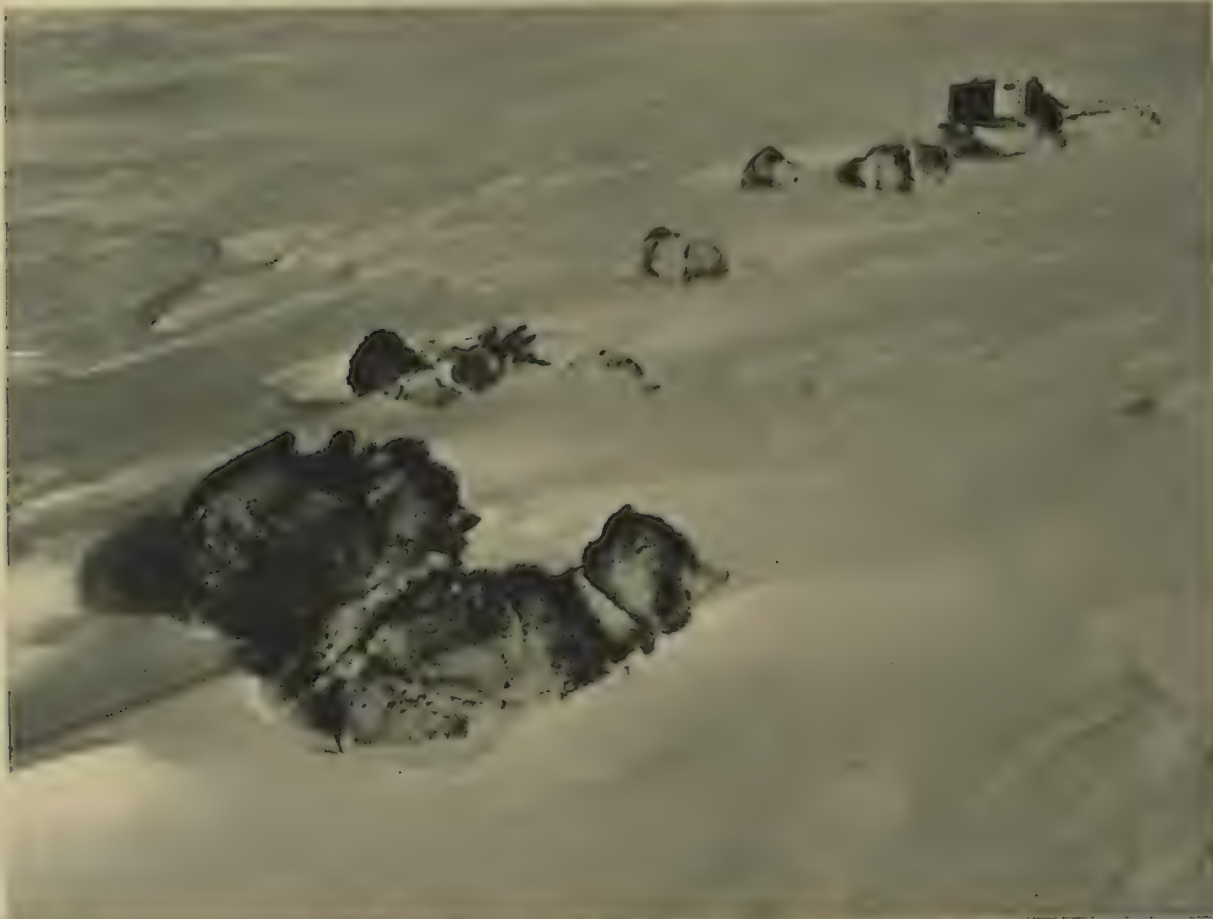
IT is doubtful whether any breed of dog, even those living with us in our own homes, is more familiar to us by name than the husky. Yet millions of us, thanks to the Festival of Britain, will see a husky for the first time in our lives. My own first-hand acquaintance came but a few months ago, when I was introduced to a husky pup. All puppies are attractive, but the

that hauls stranded lorries to safety. And it was the dog that enabled the Eskimo to live in these inhospitable regions, and made it possible for explorers, prospectors, traders and finally engineers to open up large territories and make available to the rest of the world their rich resources.

is, however, the paradox that although huskies and wolves are deadly enemies, they will mate. In fact, the Eskimos will tether a husky bitch in the forest to achieve this end, to improve the stock. It sometimes happens, also, that a wolf bitch will attract a husky dog away, though she afterwards leads him to the wolf pack, who kill him. A husky bitch, on the other hand, is allowed to return home.

Provided it is well fed, the husky is capable of affection and devotion, even of self-sacrifice to an extraordinary degree. These qualities are perhaps no greater than in some other breeds of dog, but the harsher conditions in which huskies operate and their great strength make the expression of them more dramatic. Many stories are on record, and no doubt many more have been told, of occasions when their owner has owed his life to the devotion and initiative of a team of huskies. Their physical powers and endurance are, however, outstanding, even among dogs. A team of a dozen will pull a sledge loaded to half a ton, covering up to 25 miles a day at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. One team is known to have travelled 1500 miles in 85 days, the last ten days without food. The husky bitch will continue to pull in the traces until the day her puppies are born. All huskies are, however, susceptible to snow-blindness in the Arctic glare, and at temperatures of 50 degrees or more below zero the extreme edges of the lining of the lungs are liable to frost-bite.

The one thing that brings about a fall from grace is hunger. Under such rigorous conditions the dog's body needs an abundant supply of fats and vitamins, and when a hungry team scents, say, a bear, even the experienced driver may be unable to prevent their turning from their course in search of it. It is only when hungry that the dogs are dangerous, and will on rare occasions let nothing, even human beings, stand between them and their food. Even putting aside human safety, there is always the chance that they may



LYING UP DURING A BLIZZARD ON THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE ICE TO THE SEALING GROUNDS: A TEAM OF WEST GREENLAND HUSKIES RESTING IN THE SNOW.

Huskies are able to work in the most severe weather conditions, but if the temperature falls under 50 degrees below zero they are apt to suffer from frosting of the outer edges of the lungs. They can, however, sleep in snow in a temperature of 70 degrees below zero, and this is made possible partly by the very thick coat and partly by the almost complete absence of loss of moisture from the skin.

husky pup seems to have that little more charm, with the result that some people have an irresistible desire to own one, to learn later that the grown dog has severe drawbacks as a pet, in spite of its many other virtues. There is another pitfall, one into which I had fallen until I came to read up the subject, of thinking that the husky is a well-defined breed of dog. On the contrary, huskies comprise a group of breeds, within the larger grouping of northern dog, or spitz. Those who know the subject best distinguish between the husky and the true spitz, or laika. The former includes the Eskimo dog of Alaska, Canada, Labrador, Baffinland and Greenland. The true spitz, or laika, is found from Lapland through Siberia to Kamchatka, and comprises more than sixty different breeds, including the Samoyede, the Lapland reindeer-dog, and others with quite unfamiliar names.

There is a tendency to call any dog that draws a sledge a husky, a simple classification with obvious advantages. One authority estimates the number of breeds of huskies at a dozen, including, in addition to the true husky, the Choe Indian dog, the Baffinland husky, the East Greenland and West Greenland huskies, the Mackenzie River dog, the Malemute, the Timber-wolf dog, and so on. On the other hand, another authority recognises only three breeds having a title to the name—the Malemute of Western Alaska, the Siberian husky, taken to Alaska when the Russians occupied that territory, and the pure strain of the original breed living in Northern Canada. But whether huskies in the strict sense or northern dogs in the wider sense, their character and behaviour are similar.

It is, perhaps, not generally realised that the northern dog is indispensable to human existence over an area of 10,000,000 square miles in the Arctic. Even to-day, when mechanised transport and aircraft figure so largely in the development of the Arctic regions, it is still the dog that is called upon when weather conditions worsen. It is the dog

A dog of the original breed is a powerful animal, 25 ins. high and some 44 ins. from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, and weighs 60 to 100 lb., the female being slightly lighter and smaller. The chest is broad and deep, the shoulders and neck heavy and muscular, the legs strong and stocky. The bushy tail curls jauntily over the back. The coat is of dense fur, 4 to 6 ins. long, with an inner layer 2 to 3 ins. thick of oily wool. The rounded ears, permanently erect, are coated with short, thick fur. Thus protected, the husky can endure exposure to temperatures down to 50 degrees below zero. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in a remarkable dog are the rounded paws, with the toes well covered against the cold and toughly padded to take punishment from broken ice and jagged rock "that would split the hoofs of a horse."

The origin of the husky, as with many other breeds of dog, is lost in the mists of time. The slanting eyes and sharp muzzle, and the fact that it never barks but gives voice in a long-drawn-out howl, have suggested that it is domesticated wolf, or at least a wolf-dog cross. This the experts do not accept. There



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UNUSUAL BECAUSE OF THE HABIT OF INTRODUCING WOLF BLOOD INTO THE STOCK: AN ALMOST PURE-BRED CENTRAL ARCTIC CANADIAN ESKIMO HUSKY.

The dog shown above may have wolf blood, but it is many generations back. Huskies have been crossed with Alsations (by Amundsen) and with St. Bernards (by Stefansson).

Photographs by Polar Photos.

eat whatever lies to hand—sealskin boots, gloves, walrus-hide whips, or the skin covering a kayak. It is one of the reasons why an Eskimo may knock a puppy's teeth out, the other reason being that he holds the view that food bolted in large lumps keeps the animal satisfied for longer periods than well-masticated food.

DOGS OF THE ARCTIC SNOWS: VARIETIES OF HUSKIES; AND A SPITZ.



SUPPORTED BY THE DOG-DRIVER AND NEVER PUNISHED IN FRONT OF HIS TEAM-MATES: THE LEADER OF A TEAM OF MALEMUTE HUSKIES SURVEYS THE TERRAIN DURING A HALT.



HUDDLED TOGETHER FOR WARMTH: A TEAM OF WEST GREENLAND HUSKIES SUCH AS ARE USED BY THE POLAR ESKIMOS OF THULE.



A CROSS BETWEEN THE ALSATIAN AND THE WEST GREENLAND HUSKY: THE SPITZBERGEN VARIETY, WHICH RESULTED FROM AN EXPERIMENT BY AMUNDSEN EARLY THIS CENTURY.



A CROSS BETWEEN THE TIMBER-WOLF AND THE HUDSON BAY HUSKY: TWO SPECIMENS OF THE TIMBER-WOLF DOG OF NORTH AMERICA.



USED FOR SLEDGE-HAULING ACROSS THE ICE OF MELVILLE BAY BY THE POLAR ESKIMOS OF THULE WHEN HUNTING POLAR BEAR AND SEAL: WEST GREENLAND HUSKIES.

Continued. Alaska, Canada, Labrador, Baffinland and Greenland as the sole means of transport in winter, where the country is unsuitable for mechanical transport. The teams are attached to the sledge either in fan formation, hitched in pairs on either side of a central trace, or "tandem," that is, one behind the other. Each team acknowledges one dog as "king," and he keeps order among the

THOSE of our readers who have visited the Festival of Britain South Bank Exhibition will have had an opportunity to see, probably for the first time, a team of huskies. On the facing page Dr. Maurice Burton describes some of the many types included in the two groups—husky and spitz—which together form the group of Northern dogs and pays tribute to their devotion and powers of endurance. Although one may associate the husky with Polar expeditions, it is in general use in large areas of

(Continued below.)



USED THROUGHOUT ARCTIC SCANDINAVIA FOR REINDEER HERDING: THE SPITZ TYPE OF NORTHERN DOG, WHICH COMPRISES SOME SIXTY BREEDS AND VARIETIES, INCLUDING THE PURE-WHITE SAMOYEDE.

others at all times, but he may not necessarily be the leader of the team. In choosing a leader for his team of huskies, the driver looks for a dog or bitch which shows signs of initiative and a desire to get ahead of the others, and then supports it against its team-mates and never punishes it in front of the other dogs. *[Photographs by Polar Photos.]*



The World of the Cinema.

MACBETH, MACBETH, MACBETH!

By ALAN DENT.

THE film-version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" which Mr. Orson Welles took so short a time to make, and so long a time to deliver, turns out to be not nearly so atrocious as one was led to expect. Since it runs to only eighty-five minutes and has many silent sequences, there has been a fairly wholesale sacrificing of Shakespeare which must make even the text-editor of Sir Laurence Olivier's filmings of "Henry V." and "Hamlet" stagger with a mixture of indignation and shame. (And if any reader protests

followed immediately by angry dismay as seen looking upwards from Macbeth's feet or over the tip of his right ear.

The results may be a performance without variety, but it is not without subtlety. When this Macbeth calls repeatedly for Seyton just before his "yellow leaf" soliloquy, he pronounces that very dilatory

bâtman's name exactly as though he were calling upon the Prince of Darkness himself. It is therefore with something of a shock that we eventually see a wee man in a kilt coming in with the words: "Whit's yer graycious pleasure?" In the scene of Seyton's next appearance, when he announces that the queen is dead, Macbeth renounces subtlety and calls his man Seaton instead of Satan. So much for subtlety! Some of the production's new devices, too, are clumsy and far-fetched. Banquo departing to be murdered says: "I will not fail your feast," and the last three words are echoed four or five times. Similarly, when Macduff, just before the final tussle, comes out

about the pleasant situation of the castle. Since Banquo, echoing the king with a good courtier's politeness, says that "the heaven's breath smells woefully here," why should the whole place, throughout the film, be "pall'd in the dunest smoke of Hell"?

It is, indeed, the almost comically exaggerated gloom which one will best remember about this effort. The famous Porter Scene, with a great deal else of value, has gone by the board; and the Porter being gone, there is no saving vestige of humour of any sort—excepting, of course, the unconscious sort. What is best done is exactly the kind of thing which the theatre never does very satisfactorily—the witches' incantation, for example, and the progress of Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill. This last is a quite terrifyingly effective bit of sheer cinema.

Elsewhere there are plenty of indications of amateurishness and over-haste. One had not expected at this time of day—in a responsible film—to discern creases in a palpable back-cloth representing a thundercloud. Or to see the shadows of marching troops faintly thrown against that same back-cloth (as happens on at least one occasion). Or—reverting to Mr. Welles himself—to hear a Macbeth with so little of the root-matter of poetry in his delivery. Or to find a Macduff



A FILM WHICH IS "ON THE WHOLE, A TRAVESTY, BUT NOWHERE A DULL ONE": "MACBETH"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING MACDUFF (DAN O'HERLIHY) AND MACBETH (ORSON WELLES) IN THEIR FINAL DUEL.

that so intricate a double emotion cannot be experienced, let me divulge that it is this present writer who is now experiencing it!)

It is a fact, too—and therefore fair comment—that besides being far too little of Shakespeare, there is distinctly too much of Macbeth (who is played by Mr. Welles himself). As though his author had not already given him quite enough to do, this Macbeth himself takes an active hand in slaughtering Macduff's wife and babes at several fell swoops; and, not content with this, has an interchange of horrid reminiscences with his own wife at the end of her Sleepwalking Scene. No good Lady Macbeth—in a stage-version, at least—would tolerate such an interruption of her single solo opportunity. But then Miss Jeanette Nolan is not, to put it mildly, a good Lady Macbeth. She is a grim and wailing Scottish-American lady whose existence seems to be just one protracted suicide.

This seems a suitable place to reveal, in parenthesis, that Mr. Welles has seen fit to oblige his company—including himself, but only erratically—to assume a Scots accent, and thus draw attention to his startling discovery that this great tragedy is fundamentally a Scottish one. About the theory of this, there will on some other occasion be the time for such a word. About the practise of it, one can only say that the company's Shakespeare is distinctly better than its Scots.

But time must be made for several words about the Macbeth himself. Most of our best actors have had a crack at Macbeth in the course of their careers, and any of them will tell you that this is perhaps the most difficult character to sustain in the whole of Shakespeare. The moment the actor suggests that he is scared of the part rather than of the malignant fates attending the tyrant, he is lost. Mr. Welles, like many a valiant Macbeth before him, is lost in this way several times. But he keeps on finding his way again. He is a very game actor. Whereas Irving in the part was said to look like a great famished wolf, Mr. Welles has the appearance of a reasonably well-fed grizzly-bear. His mask of perpetual angry dismay is not very expressive. But, being his own director, he has arranged for it to be photographed and lit-up from every conceivable angle, so that before you are utterly weary of angry dismay in full face, you have angry dismay in semi-profile,

with the ghastly news that he was "not of woman born," but "untimely ripp'd" those last two words are repeated three or four times in an eldritch echo by one of the witches. In the latter instance unnecessary emphasis is given to a weak bit of quibbling on the part of the witches. (Julius Cæsar is traditionally said to have been the result of the first Cæsarian operation—which was therefore called after him. But it would take a Scottish witch to deny that he had been "born," his mother Aurelia having borne him for more or less the normal period.) And in both instances ingenuity defeats itself, since we are irresistibly and fatally reminded of a gramophone-needle caught in a groove of a faulty record.

There are one or two other little things wrong, or at least questionable, about this picture. Why is Macbeth's castle made of a most unpleasant sort of treacle toffee, and why is the perpetual mist around it Scotchier even than the Scotch variety? One would perhaps not ask this if King Duncan had been deprived of his compliments



"YOU SECRET, BLACK, AND MIDNIGHT HAGS": THE THREE WITCHES (BRAINERD DUFFIELD; LURENE TUTTLE AND PEGGY WEBBER) IN "MACBETH" (A REPUBLIC PICTURE). MR. DENT SAYS THAT THE WITCHES' INCANTATION IS ONE OF THE SATISFACTORY THINGS IN THE FILM.



"A FAILURE, BUT NOT AN IGNOMINIOUS ONE": "MACBETH," PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ORSON WELLES—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING MACBETH (ORSON WELLES) AND LADY MACBETH (JEANETTE NOLAN—RIGHT CENTRE) DURING THE BANQUET AT WHICH THE GHOST OF KING DUNCAN TURNS UP AS WELL AS THE GHOST OF BANQUO.

moving us so little in that almost fool-proof scene where he is told of the slaughter of his family. The long line of such shortcomings might be stretched out almost to the crack of doom.

But yet one's last word must be praise for the courage of the endeavour, and for the touch of genuine imagination that has gone towards depicting some of the supernatural elements of the marvellous story. It is a failure, but not an ignominious one. It is a hotch-potch, but not an entirely stupid or thoughtless one. It is, on the whole, a travesty, but nowhere a dull one. It is a mad experiment, but an always interesting one because there is everywhere evidence of an ill-disciplined intelligence at the back of it all. Scholars will be—or ought to be!—much crosser about it all, than they were about the two Olivier adaptations. Schoolboys, on the other hand, will revel in this "Macbeth." It gives us such a jolly and unexpected treat as the Ghost of King Duncan turning up at the banquet as well as the Ghost of Banquo; and it also gives us a scrumptious and no less unexpected shot of the Thane of Cawdor having his head chopped off.

This England . . .



Near Lewes, Sussex

IN AN EARLIER ENGLAND to speak of "an ale" meant a feast or merrymaking for which a special ale had been brewed. So do we read of lamb-ales (at the shearing), Whitsun ales, bride-ales (whence comes our word "bridal") and church ales, forerunners of the "sale of work" or bazaar on the vicarage lawn. These festivals were socially important to mediæval England, the profits therefrom being used for parish relief, church repairs and so forth. This year we have with us a national festival — the Festival of Britain. There we shall marvel at our inventions and — as is the English way — find much provision for merrymaking. And there also — to refresh, sustain and gladden the heart — will be a noble if aged invention of this people, the great ale of England — Bass or Worthington as you may choose.

Ask for the Best

as Great Grandmama did

1851

1951



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

AND now comes "Festival at Farbridge," by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann; 15s.)—a kind of mammoth in the path. It must be faced, yet I approach it with regret and shrinking. Because it did not seem to me much fun; and that seems wrong. In such an atmosphere of jollity, one feels ashamed not to catch the mood; and then there is a sense that so much talent and labour ought to be praised highly. In fairness I shall leave the opening remarks to Mr. Priestley himself. "As you will see"—he says, in an epistle dedicatory to his publisher—

"I have returned, with some variations of my own, to the old comic tradition of story-telling, which is not dead yet, even though it is out of fashion just now—though perhaps it always was—in fastidious literary circles. . . . It has been fun to do, but by no means easy. For this is not a long novel in the sense of being a narrative that simply goes on and on and on, a kind of vast worm. . . . It is long really because it is a broadly-based story (only covering a few weeks) containing an unusually large number of characters, who have all to be kept going, in the old comic way. . . ."

And "broadly based" it is indeed: so broadly that the actual story takes a long time to start, and in the end seems scarcely to have happened. The leading three, as in "The Good Companions," drift into alliance, after a prologue each, making the First Part. They are a typist, Laura Casey; an old adventurer named Commodore Tribe; and Theodore, a large and beautiful young dummy from the East, with a Chinese grandmother. As Theodore is on a visit of discovery, he can be shown This England in a big way, and with satirical effect. And then he joins up with Laura, to form the nucleus of the abounding love interest. The scheme of action is the Commodore's. Farbridge has decided not to have a Festival; the Commodore decides that it shall—and organised by him. And after many struggles and vicissitudes, in which a mob of characters are implicated, and are kept going, he has his own triumphant way.

Some of the trouble is that one can't care, or feel it mattered in the least. "The Good Companions" had a current of daydream, floating one along; but here the theme is without impetus. It is designed, and rather heavily designed, to be a source of "fun" and "magic." There is much drinking, mateyness and mirth; and there is admirable satire, often with a sharp edge. To put it briefly, there is everything that talent and labour can do. But "magic," and the fun which is a kind of magic, can't be ground out, even with talent to turn the handle. They are a form of grace, a pure, uncovenanted gift of heaven. It may be that "fastidious literary circles" don't value them, but here my withers are unwrung. Indeed, I claim to be, if anything, less highbrow than the author himself; I can't feel much about traditions, only about books. And what avails it to contrive, and to sustain, a whole swarm of characters, if there are very few to whose recurrence one can look forward?

"Windfall," by John Brophy (Collins; 9s. 6d.), springs from a powerful feeling that America, in spite of loans and gratitude and all, should now be debunked. Not viciously, but as it were in self-defence: as a light-hearted study in retaliation. Even the "Limey" worm may be provoked to turn, and grab, for once, the rôle of critical superiority.

Here criticism is embodied in a young abstract painter, living from hand to mouth, chiefly on parcels from his Great-Aunt Agatha. This dim and distant figure of his boyhood has been married three times, each time to an American, and is now rolling. Out of the blue, she summons Oliver by cable to the celebrations for her ninetieth birthday. So he flies to New York, and there the fun begins. Her private secretary, Mr. Pelt, a grave Bostonian with ulcers, shows him the town; then Great-Aunt Agatha succumbs to the blancmange, and leaves him a millionaire. Oliver has qualms about this legacy, for it appears that, led astray by the word "pictures," she supposed him a Movie Mogul. But, after all, says Mr. Pelt ingratiatingly, he could be one now. Why not go into "pictures" in the Transatlantic sense, in the unspeakable but expert wake of that full-blooded monster—or, in the idiom of Mr. Pelt, "uncharismatic personality"—Tiffany K. Clodd? And so he does, with very strange results.

The tourist parts are the best, and best of all the horrors of New York, as they reveal themselves to an untutored eye. This is retaliation, certainly; it fixes on the weak points—the frightful climate, the neglects and dinginess, the pot-holes on Fifth Avenue, the subway trains, the screaming, inefficient hustle, and the pompous, lumbering dialect. No one could take it for an all-round view, but it is more than credible; it is the clearest, realest picture of New York that I have ever met with. And it is also very light and gay.

"Star Quality," by Noël Coward (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories, easy to read, though not remarkable for substance. Qualms of an English *embusqué* in Hollywood: forlorn, courageous jingoism on a coral reef; the social torment of being married to a bore; the nervous agonies of travel in an air-liner; a young girl's "ruin," and its anti-climax in riper years; the ructions generated in a theatre when star meets star—these are the themes, developed leisurely, with much supporting detail, and without much core.

"Travelling Deadman," by John Varnam (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.), starts rather grimly with a drunken young man, wrapping a clock-weight round his dead baby and heading for the river. On the way he is knocked down and left for dead, and when they find him he is in a catalepsy; so Inspector Semlake has to work it out alone. The young man, Kennion, is a post-war student at the university of Kirminster. His wife seems to have disappeared; so does the old professor, miserly and rich, who has been courting her with senile offers which remind one of old Karamazov, and at whose house there is a slight but odd case of burglary. The tale is solidier, less hectic than you might suppose; in fact, quite cheerful, workmanlike and entertaining.

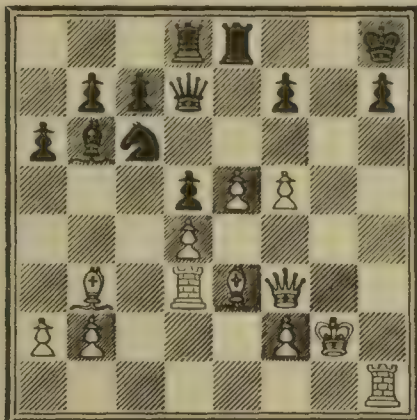
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT British competitors would occupy two of the first four places after three rounds of the Centenary Chess Tournament at Cheltenham was more than most of us had dared to hope.

Virile sacrificial attacks brought these early successes. Here are two examples:

BLACK (BOGOLYUBOV).



WHITE (BROADBENT).

Bogolyubov (recall his two matches with Alekhine for the World Championship?) has just moved 26. . . K-R1, hoping to play his rook to KKt2 and KKt2, but he never gets a chance.

27. R×Pch!	K×R
28. Q-R5ch	K-Kt1
29. B-R6	Kt-K2
30. P-K6!	Kt×P
Sheer desperation.	
31. R-Kt3ch!	Resigns

BLACK (GLIGORIC).



WHITE (ALEXANDER).

15. R×Kt	
A daring speculative sacrifice.	
15. P×B	
15. . . P×Kt; 16. Kt×QP followed by Kt×Bch loses two pieces for a rook—always assuming Black can find a refuge for his queen.	

16. R×KtP	B×R
17. P×B	R-Q1
18. Kt-K4	P-K4
19. B-Q3	B-B4
20. Kt-B6ch	P×Kt
21. P×P	Q-KB5
22. Q×Q	P×Q
23. B×B	R-Q3
24. B-R7ch	K-B1?

By 24. . . K-R1 he could have submitted to a draw by perpetual check.

25. Kt-B5	R-K1
26. Kt-Q7ch!	R×Kt
27. B-B5	

The threat of mate recovers the rook. White, two pawns up, wins easily.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A MANY-SIDED STATESMAN.

I HAVE before remarked on the hold which George Wyndham exercised over the imaginations of those of my father's and grandfather's generation. The turn of the head, the movement of hand or body, the tone of voice, above all the expression of the eyes of an attractive man or woman—in fact, the whole outward expression of personality, can never be transmitted to another generation, even in these days of canned music and canned emotion. Therefore we shall never know quite what there was that made Wyndham so attractive, any more

than I shall be able to convey to my son what it was that made another George, the late Lord Lloyd, so inspiring a chief and so delightful a friend. As far as it is possible, however, to provide an answer in print, this has now been done by Mr. John Biggs-Davison in "George Wyndham" (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.). Mr. Biggs-Davison calls his book "A Study in Toryism," and it is indeed an excellent political history of that period when, as a result of the Irish question, the Tory Party absorbed the Whig dukes and the "Sir Gorgeous Midas's" of the industrial revolution. For it diluted thereby one of the essential elements of its faith—that every privilege carries with it its countervailing duty of service. Wyndham came of an ancient family, his Englishry enlivened by the blood of one of the martyrs of Irish nationalism, the romantic Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His upbringing was, on paper, conventional enough—Eton, Sandhurst, the Guards (though the least typical of Guards officers, he was always later caricatured as such).

It leaves out of account, however, the impalpable of his truly remarkable mother. To Ireland he gave his heart; but it was, perhaps, the streak of Irish, the touch of rebel, in him, which made him love England the more. "The countryside of England and the literature of Europe make me glow." There one has the introduction of two other themes. He could love Ireland, give her by his great Land Act a measure on which, as Mr. Biggs-Davison truly says, "the social stability of modern Eire" rests and yet be opposed to Home Rule. He was a great imperialist in the best sense of the word and yet he was a lover of Europe, her culture and her tradition. Everything he did—perhaps, as Mr. Biggs-Davison suggests, because of some strange premonition that he would not have long to do it in—he did with energy and fierce nervous expenditure. When he was mentally tired, as after long, weary months in the Irish Office or in the House, he refreshed himself, not wisely but well, with tremendous outbursts of physical exercise and deep draughts of wine. He was like that other George, Lord Lloyd, to whom I have referred, the soul of honour and integrity. This led to his downfall over the unfortunate Macdonnell affair, from which, of all the protagonists, Balfour, Macdonnell, Ulster Unionists and Liberal Home Rulers, Wyndham emerges the least scathed. The fact remains, however, he failed, and his early death never gave him another chance to rival Lord Curzon as a future Prime Minister. Mr. Biggs-Davison is to be congratulated on producing a first-class biography of one whose life and doctrine hold lessons for modern Tories and non-Tories alike.

Another delightful book in this week's batch is "Nature Interlude" (Williams and Norgate; 12s. 6d.). This volume of natural history quotations has been compiled by Mr. E. F. Linssen, F.Z.S., and has a foreword by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. Of course, as with all anthologies, one finds oneself looking eagerly for that which is not there, and I have two complaints to register at once. The first is the inclusion of only one Belloc quotation. Surely all one wishes to know about shooting the hippopotamus is that one must use bullets made of platinum, for if "I use leaden ones his hide is sure to flatten 'em." It is difficult, even if one need not necessarily believe that the python "needs a doctor for its eyes and has the measles yearly," not to regret that in giving us quotations about scorpions Mr. Linssen has left out surely the last word on the subject—that "it is a most unpleasant beast to find in bed at night."

These are, however, flippancies. More serious is the omission of any part of that glorious description of the horse in the Book of Job—I mean the Authorised Version passage which begins, "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible." However, it is unfair to carp at a book which has given me so much pleasure, as I feel sure it will give the reader.

I wish I had more space for two other most interesting books. One is the biography of that great doctor, "Dawson of Penn," by Francis Watson (Chatto and Windus; 18s.). Lord Dawson on one occasion brought back from one of his American visits a notice outside a Texan roadhouse—"If you find the steak tough, please leave the restaurant. There is no place here for weaklings." It might have made an excellent epitaph for Dawson himself. Dawson, I suppose, was best known as a Royal doctor, and will go down to history as the writer of the bulletin on King George V., which read so simply and yet so beautifully: "The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close." But perhaps he will be remembered in his profession as a man who outlined the National Health Service, and had he lived might


have saved it from its mistakes.

The other is "Croce, The King, and the Allies" (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.). These extracts from the diary of Benedetto Croce, the famous and veteran Italian philosopher historian, cover the exciting period from June, 1943, to June, 1944, the period when the post-Fascist future of Italy was being decided. It was natural that both the British and Americans should consult the veteran Liberal historian, and it was also natural that the King, Badoglio, Count Sforza and all the other actors in this confused and confusing scene should have done the same. The resulting marginalia on the history of that time cannot fail to be of interest to all students of Italian history and politics.

E. D. O'BRIEN.


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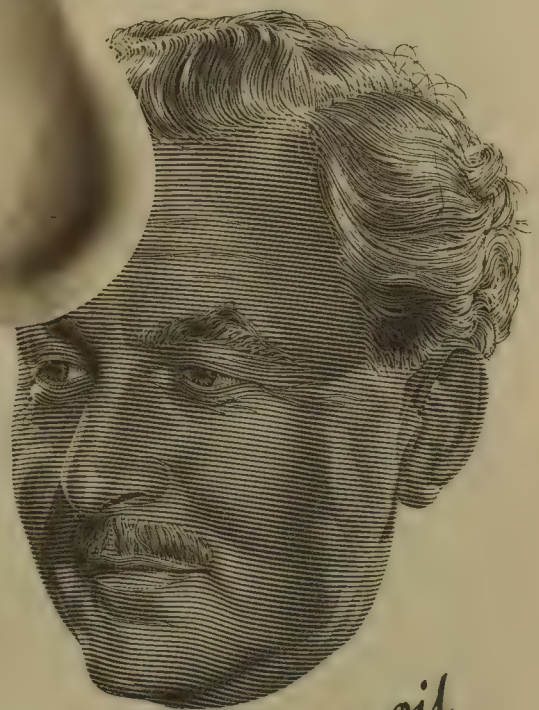
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archaeological cross - schweption

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- a) SCHWEPSTOW CASTLE was discovered, the primitive table supported by four legs in the delicate Schwepelwhite style and two Schwippendale dustbins. Beneath that are the remains of
- b) FOUR MAIDS' BEDROOMS obviously belonging to a former generation, with valuable early printed books consisting of four novels by Marie Coschweppi.
- c) A PROTO-SAXON DRINKING ROOM with arche-cocktail shakers made of the unbleached horn of the boar. Do not fail to inspect here the Museum Catalogue (3/6d.) in which the sole entry to date describes
- d) MOOSE TOOTH which appears to contain a stopping, proving that there was a palaeoveterinary service, unless of course chemical tests prove it to be the wisdom tooth of Queen Wufu. Beneath the lot of course is
- e) SCHWEPSTOW UNDERGROUND STATION



Written by Stephen Potter, Drawn by Lewitt-Him



Picture by courtesy of The New Yorker

Once a fellow has taken a degree (hons., passed, failed, or aegrotat, i.e. retired hurt) at college • Less a matter of subjects than applied psychollege, will decide whether his status becomes ambassadorial, or selling from door-to-doorial • The selection of suits, shoes, hats, shirts to make friends of managing directors and influence clients • Becomes at Simpson an exact but simple scients. So to face the battle of life may we suggest you willy rather than later nilly • Walk one of the shortest distances in London; from the Eros statue to the forward-looking firm of Simpson in Piccadilly.



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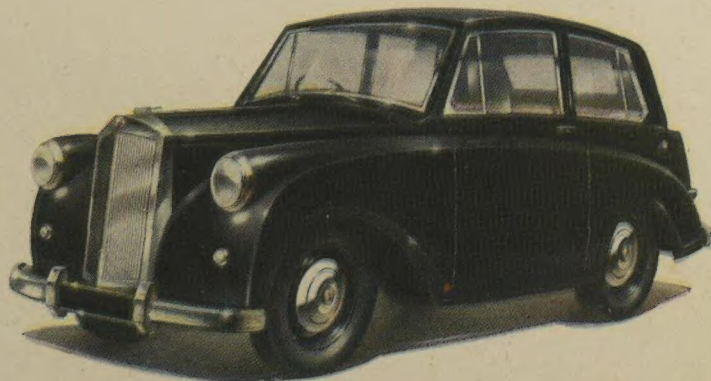


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